

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

AND

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No. 268.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1822.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoires of the last Ten Years of the Reign of George the Second. By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. From the original MS. London 1822. Murray. 2 vols. Royal 4to.

THIS work, of which high expectations have been excited for a long time, appeared on Saturday last. Whether it will fully gratify or disappoint the public we will not pretend to decide; but we may safely say that it is a very curious addition to the class of letters to which it belongs, and one likely to be read with great interest, though that interest be founded as much on its objectionable morality as on its intelligence, point, and historical value; for it is a shocking thing both in principle and in practice to encourage that system of posthumous assassination of which these volumes furnish so atrocious an example. It is revolting to human nature to have the dead of half a century recalled from their tombs, like spirits under the sorceries of some vile enchanter, and held up to grinning scorn or infamy. The base cowardice of such conduct is only equalled by its injustice. The ashes of men cannot protect their memories; and the slanderer is alike secure from contradiction and recrimination, however falsely he may have maligned character, and however worthless his testimony. The premeditated cruelty of writing these Memoires, and consigning them to a future generation, blackening as they do the past age, is not to be contemplated without feelings of indignation, if not of absolute horror.

Such are our sentiments upon the principle of this and all similar works, which, according to the views and passions of their authors, bequeath to posterity a libel on mankind in the forms of vilified contemporaries—of beings whose earthly accounts have long been closed and their final audit given. But we are the recorders rather than the judges of literature, and notwithstanding our opinion of these Memoires, it is our duty to analyse a publication of this importance, and exhibit its contents as copiously as we can to our readers.

It is stated in a preface that the MSS. were placed by the late Lord Orford in a chest, sealed, and directed by his will to be opened when Lord Waldegrave attained the age of twenty-five. That period having transpired, and ten years over, the box was opened, and found to contain many volumes, including the two now printed. The preface goes on to palliate the guilt of the writer; and tries to disarm, *a priori*, the censure which must have been anticipated upon a production so injurious to the fame of almost every eminent person introduced into its pages, whose reputations are stabbed as

mercilessly by the refined butcher of characters, as the bodies of his victims are mangled by a savage. "No man is now alive (it says) whose character or conduct is the subject of praise or censure in these Memoires." If they were, they could answer for themselves, and repel calumnies heaped safely upon their unconscious dust; but there are none but children and descendants to regret with bitterness, because they are not in a condition to refute these grievous inflections upon their best feelings, as they affect those dearer to them than life itself, their beloved benefactors and venerated parents.

The Editor farther expresses his belief, that Walpole's statements are to be relied on "where his resentments do not cloud his judgments;"—acknowledging, at the same time, that it is not always possible to ascertain when this is the case, and that the author is so full of contradictions, "there are few persons in his Memoires of whom he does not vary his opinion in the course of his work." This confession, while it takes the sting from his personal attacks, does not augment the value of his information. All indeed that can be said in defence of the book is summed up by his Editor in these words:—

On the merits of the present work it would be improper to enlarge in this place. That it contains much curious and original information will not be disputed. The intimacy which the author enjoyed with many of the chief personages of the times, and what he calls "his propensity to faction," made him acquainted with the most secret intrigues and negotiations of parties; and where his resentments did not cloud his judgment, his indifference to the common objects of ambition rendered him an impartial spectator of their quarrels and accommodations. The period of which he treats was not distinguished by splendid virtues or great vices, by extraordinary events or great revolutions; but it is a part of our history little known to us, and not undeserving our curiosity, as it forms the transition from the expiring struggles of Jacobitism to the more important contests that have since engaged, and still occupy our attention. The account of parliamentary debates in these Memoires would alone be a valuable addition to our history. No one is ignorant, that from the fall of Sir Robert Walpole to the American war, our reports of the proceedings in Parliament are more barren and unsatisfactory than at any period since the reign of James the First. For the last ten years of George the Second, Mr. Walpole has supplied that deficiency in a manner equally entertaining and instructive. His method was to make notes of each speaker's argument during the debate, and frequently to take down his expressions. He afterwards wrote out the speeches at greater length, and described

the impression they made on the house. The anecdotes interspersed in the work are numerous, and, from the veracity of the author, when they are founded on his personal knowledge, they may always be received as authentic. When derived from others, or from the common rumour of the day, he gives his authority for them, and enables his readers to judge of the credibility they deserve. To his portraits it will be objected, that in general they incline to severity, and though he professed, and probably intended the strictest impartiality in his delineations of character, it cannot be denied that they are sometimes heightened by friendship, and more frequently discoloured by resentment; and on many occasions it is evident, that they are dictated by the conduct of the persons he describes in the last occurrence that brought them before his eyes, rather than by a steady and comprehensive view of their merits and defects.

Confining our present extracts (to enable our readers to determine whether all this is truly said or not) to the year 1751, the details of which occupy 206 pages of the first volume, we shall select as many of the sketches of character, and as many of the amusing anecdotes, as our limits permit, and insert them without attempting to chain them together by the narrative. In the first division, the death of Frederic Prince of Wales is by far the most striking event.

The Prince of Wales had been ill of a pleurisy, but was so well recovered, as to attend the king to the House of Lords on the 12th, where he was very hot. He went to Carlton-house to unrobe, put on only a light frock, and went to Kew, where he walked some time, and returning to Carlton-house, laid down upon a couch for three hours in a ground room next to the garden, caught a fresh cold, and relapsed that night. He had had a blow upon his stomach in the summer by a fall, from which he had often felt great pains. Drs. Wilmot, Taylor, and Leigh attended him, and Hawkins the surgeon. On Monday, 18th, a thrush appeared; however he was thought better. On Wednesday night, between nine and ten o'clock, Wilmot and Hawkins were with him; he had a fit of coughing. Wilmot said, "Sir, you have brought up all the phlegm; I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your royal highness will have a good night." Hawkins went out of the room, and said, "Here is something I don't like." The cough continued; the prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, "*Je sens la mort.*" Pavonarius, his favourite German valet-de-chambre, who was holding him up, felt him shiver, and cried, "Good God! the prince is going!" The princess, who was at the feet of the bed, snatched up a candle, but before she got to him, he was dead! An imposthume had broken, which, on his body being opened, the physicians were of opinion had not been occasioned by the fall, but

from a blow of a tennis-ball three years before.

Thus died Frederick, Prince of Wales! having resembled his pattern the Black Prince in nothing but in dying before his father. Indeed it was not his fault if he had not distinguished himself by any warlike achievements. He had solicited the command of the army in Scotland during the last rebellion; though that ambition was ascribed rather to his jealousy of his brother than to his courage. A hard judgment! for what he could he did! When the royal army lay before Carlisle, the prince, at a great supper that he gave to his court and his favorites, as was his custom when the princess laid in, had ordered for the desert the representation of the citadel of Carlisle in paste, which he in person and the maids of honour bombarded with sugar-plums! He had disagreed with the king and queen early after his coming to England; not entirely by his own fault. The king had refused to pay what debts he had left at Hanover; and it ran a little in the blood of the family to hate the eldest son: the prince himself had so far not degenerated, though a better natured man, and a much better father, as to be fondest of his second son, Prince Edward. The queen had exerted more authority, joined to a narrow prying into his conduct, than he liked; and Princess Emily, who had been admitted into his greatest confidence, had not forfeited her duty to the queen by concealing any of his secrets that might do him prejudice. Lord Bolingbroke, who had sowed a division in the Pretender's court, by the scheme for the father's resigning his claim to the eldest boy, repeated the same plan of discord here, on the first notice of the prince's disgusts; and the whole opposition was instructed to offer their services to the heir apparent against the crown and the minister. The prince was sensible to flattery, and had a sort of parts that made him relish the sort of parts of Lord Chesterfield, Doddington, and Lyttelton, the latter of whom being introduced by Doddington, had wrought the disgrace of his protector. Whoever was unwelcome at St. James's was sure of countenance at the prince's apartments there. He was in vain reprimanded for this want of respect. At last, having hurried the princess from Hampton Court, when she was in actual labour, to the imminent danger of hers and the child's life, without acquainting either king or queen, the formal breach ensued; he having added to this insult, a total silence to his mother on her arriving immediately to visit the princess, and while he led her to her coach; but as soon as he came in sight of the populace, he knelt down in the dirt and kissed her hand with the most respectful show of duty. He immediately went all lengths of opposition and popularity till the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, when he was reconciled to, though never after spoken to by, the king. On Lord Granville's disgrace, he again grew out of humour; but after having been betrayed and deserted by all he had obliged, he did not erect a new standard of opposition, till the Pelhams had bought off every man of any genius that might have promoted his views. Indeed, his attachment to his followers was not stronger than theirs to him. Being angry with Lord Doneraile for not speaking often in the House of Commons, he said, "Does he think I will support him, unless he does as I would have him? Does not he consider that whoever are my ministers, I must be king?"

His chief passion was women, but like the rest of his race, beauty was not a necessary ingredient. Miss ****, whom he had debauched without loving, and who had been debauched without loving him so well as either Lord Harrington or Lord Hervey, who both pretended to her first favours, had no other charms than of being a maid of honour, who was willing to cease to be so upon the first opportunity. Of his favourites, Lady Archibald Hamilton had been neither young nor handsome within his memory. Lady Middlesex was very short, very plain, and very yellow: a vain girl, full of Greek and Latin, and music, and painting, but neither mischievous nor political. Lady Archibald was very agreeable and artful, but had lost his heart, by giving him William Pitt for a rival. But though these mistresses were pretty much declared, he was a good husband, and the quiet inoffensive good sense of the princess (who had never said a foolish thing, or done a disobliging one since her arrival, though in very difficult situations, young, uninstructed, and besieged by the queen, Princess Emily, and Lady Archibald's creatures, and very jarring interests), was likely to have always preserved a chief ascendant over him. Gaming was another of his passions, but his stile of play did him less honour than the amusement. He carried this dexterity* into practice in more essential commerce, and was vain of it! One day at Kensington that he had just borrowed five thousand pounds of Doddington, seeing him pass under his window, he said to Hedges, his secretary, "That man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England, yet with all his parts, I have just nicked him out of five thousand pounds." He was really childish, affectedly a protector of arts and sciences, fond of displaying what he knew: a mimic, the Lord knows what a mimic!—of the celebrated Duke of Orleans, in imitation of whom he wrote two or three silly French songs. His best quality was generosity; his worst, insincerity, and indifference to truth, which appeared so early, that Earl Stanhope wrote to Lord Sunderland from Hanover, what I shall conclude his character with, "He has his father's head, and his mother's heart."

The princess staid four hours in the room after he was dead, before she could be quite convinced of it. At six in the morning they put her to bed; but she rose again at eight, and sent for Dr. Lee, and burnt, or said she burnt, all the prince's papers. As soon as he was dead, Lord North was sent to notify it to the king, who was playing at cards. He immediately went down to Lady Yarmouth, looking extremely pale and shocked, and only said, "It est mort!" He sent a very kind message to the princess, and another the next morning in writing by the lord in waiting, Lord Lincoln. She received him alone, sitting with her eyes fixed; thanked the king much, and said she would write as soon as she was able; in the meantime recommended her miserable self and children to him. The king and she

both took their parts at once; she, of flinging herself entirely into his hands, and studying nothing but his pleasure, but with winding what interest she got with him to the advantage of her own and the prince's friends: the king, of acting the tender grandfather; which he, who had never acted the tender father, grew so pleased with representing, that he soon became it in earnest. When he was called the morning after the prince's death, they found him drest, walking about his room, and extremely silent. Princess Emily, who had no great reason to flatter herself with much favour if her brother had lived to be king, sent immediately for the Duke from Windsor, who, on receiving the news, said to Lord Sandwich with a sneer, "It is a great blow to this country, but I hope it will recover it in time!" He little thought that himself was to receive the greatest shock from it! He sent a compliment by Lord Cathcart to Prince George, who cried extremely. As soon as the prince's death was published, elegies were cried about the streets, to which they added, "Oh, that it was but his brother!" and upon "Change and in the city," "Oh, that it was but the butcher!" In short, the consternation that spread on the apprehensions that the Duke would at least be regent on the king's death, and have the sole power in the mean time, was near as strong as what was occasioned by the notice of the rebels being at Derby.

One of the Prince's compositions above alluded to is given in the Appendix; it is as follows:—

THE CHARMS OF SYLVIA.

By the Prince of Wales on the Princess.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight,
Nor those heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light:

'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying round the forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace:

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth so white,
As new-shorn sheep equal and fair;
Nor e'en that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare:

'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love,
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor aught below, nor aught above:

'Tis not the living colours over each
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the full-blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happy painter's thought:

* No—'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire; (move,
That grace with which you look, and speak, and
That thus has set my soul on fire.

The elegy mentioned towards the conclusion is also thus noted in the Appendix: It was probably the effusion of some Jacobite royalist. That faction could not forgive the Duke of Cumberland his excesses, or successes, in Scotland; and not content with branding the Parliamentary Government of the House of Brunswick as usurpa-

* Sir George Lyttelton, who was out of favour with the Prince, made a parody on this copy of verses:—two of the lines were,

No—'tis that all-consenting tongue
That never puts me in the wrong.

* The following remarkable anecdote was told me by Mr. Fox, who said the king himself told him, and that the late Lord Hervey had told him the same particular from the queen. One day when the prince was but a boy, his governor was complaining of him: the queen, whose way (as the king said) was to excuse him, said, "Ah! je m'imagine que ces sont des tours de page." The governor replied, "Pitié à Dieu, madame, que ces fussent des tours de page: ces sont des tours de laquais et de coquins."

tion, indulged in frequent, unfeeling, and scurrilous personalities on every branch of the reigning family.

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather:
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,—
There's no more to be said.

Many of the anecdotes scattered over the epitome of Parliamentary debates, and the history of political intrigues, are piquant and entertaining: we shall observe no arrangement but the order in which they occur.

Mr. Crowle was reprimanded on his knees for protracting the Westminster Scrutiny—

—As he rose from the ground,* he wiped his knees, and said, "it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in."

The Whigs took pleasure in copying the precedents that had been set them at the famous Westminster election in 1742; and the Speaker had the satisfaction both times of executing the vengeance of either party, and indulging his own dignity. On the former occasion, his speech to the kneeling justices was so long and severe, that the morning it was printed, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams complained to him of the printer's having made a grievous mistake—"Where?—How? I examined the proof-sheet myself!"—Sir Charles replied, "in the conclusion he makes you say, *more* might have been said; to be sure, you wrote it, *less* might have been said."

Soon after Mr. Winnington deserted the Tories, and had made a strong speech on the other side, Sir John Cotton was abusing him to Sir Robert Walpole, and said, "that young dog promised that he would always stand by us." Sir Robert replied, "I advise my young men never to use *always*." "Yet," said Cotton, stammering, "you yourself are very apt to make use of *always*."

Mr. Townshend had quitted the army at the end of the last year, had connected himself with the prince, and took all opportunities of opposing any of the duke's measures, and ridiculing him, and drawing caricatures of him and his court, which he did with much humour. A bon-mot of his was much repeated: soon after he had quitted the army, he was met at a review on the parade by Colonel Fitzwilliam, one of the duke's military spies, who said to him, "How came you, Mr. Townshend, to do us this honour?—but I suppose you only come as a spectator!" Mr. Townshend replied, "and why may not one come hither as a *Spectator*? Sir, as well as a *Tattler*?"

Speaking of Lord Chesterfield—

Nothing was cried up but his integrity, though he would have laughed at any man

* Crowle was a noted punster. Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he never was *just* before."

who really had any confidence in his morality: and how little he repented his negotiations at Avignon, would appear, if a story told of him is authentic (which I do not vouch), that being at Dublin in the height of the rebellion, a zealous bishop came to him one morning before he was out of bed, and told him he had great grounds to believe the Jacobites were going to rise. The lord lieutenant coolly looked at his watch, and replied, "I fancy they are, my lord, for it is nine o'clock."

When the Duke of Cumberland was defeated at the battle of Lafield,

It is said, that after the loss of that day, an English captive telling a French officer, that they had been very near taking the Duke prisoner, the Frenchman replied, "We took care of that; he does us more service at the head of your army."

A mortification of a slighter sort followed soon after the Regency Bill, that shewed the Duke in what light he had appeared at his brother's court. Prince George making him a visit, asked to see his apartment, where there are few ornaments but arms. The Duke is neither curious nor magnificent. To amuse the boy, he took down a sword and drew it. The young prince turned pale and trembled, and thought his uncle was going to murder him. The duke was extremely shocked, and complained to the princess of the impressions that had been instilled into the child against him.

George II. is painted as remarkably fond of money:

Soon after his first arrival in England, Mrs. **** one of the bedchamber women, with whom he was in love, seeing him count his money over very often, said to him, "Sir, I can bear it no longer; if you count your money once more, I will leave the room."

The Queen of Denmark in her last moments

—wrote a moving letter to the King, the Duke, and her sisters, to take leave of them. This letter, and the similitude of her's and her mother's death, struck the King in the sharpest manner, and made him break out into warm expressions of passion and tenderness. He said, "This has been a fatal year to my family! I lost my eldest son—but I am glad of it;—then the Prince of Orange died, and left every thing in confusion. Poor little Edward has been girt open (for an imposthume in his side), and now the Queen of Denmark is gone! I know I did not love my children when they were young; I hated to have them running into my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers."

The Sketches of Characters are numerous and bitterly caustic. For example, Lord Bute.

The prince's court, composed of the refuse of every party, was divided into twenty small ones. Lord Egmont at the head of one, Nugent of another, consisting of himself and two more, Lady Middlesex and Dodington of a third, the chief ornament of which was the Earl of Bute, a Scotchman, who, having no estate, had passed his youth in studying mathematics and mechanics in his own little island, then simples in the hedges about Twickenham, and at five and thirty had fallen in love with his own figure, which he produced at masquerades in becoming dresses, and in plays which he acted in private companies with a set of his own relations. He became a personal favourite of

the prince, and was so lucky just now as to give up a pension to be one of the lords of his bedchamber.

Bishop Secker.—March 10th. The king would not go to chapel, because Secker, Bishop of Oxford, was to preach before him. The ministers did not insist upon his hearing the sermon, as they had lately upon his making him dean of St. Paul's. Character and popularity do not always depend upon the circumstances that ought to compose either. This bishop, who had been bred a presbyterian and man-midwife, which sect and profession he had dropt for a season, while he was president of a very free thinking club,* had been converted by Bishop Talbot, whose relation he married, and his faith settled in a prebend of Durham: from thence he was transplanted at the recommendation of Dr. Bland, by the queen, and advanced by her [who had no aversion to a medley of religions, which she always compounded into a scheme of heresy of her own,] to the living of St. James's, vacant by the death of her favourite Arian, Dr. Clarke, and afterwards to the bishoprics of Bristol and Oxford. It is incredible how popular he grew in his parish, and how much some of his former qualifications contributed to heighten his present doctrines. His discourses from the pulpit, which, by a fashion that he introduced, were a kind of moral essays, were as clear from quotations of Scripture, as when he presided in a less Christian society; but what they wanted of Gospel, was made up by a tone of fanaticism that he still retained. He had made a match between a daughter of the late Duke of Kent and a Dr. Gregory, whose talents would have been extremely thrown away in any priesthood, where celibacy was one of the injunctions. He had been presented with a noble service of plate for procuring a marriage between the heiress of the same Duke of Kent and the chancellor's son, and was now forced upon the king by the gratitude of the same minister, though he had long been in disgrace for having laid his plan for Canterbury in the interest he had cultivated at the prince's court. But even the church had its renegades in politics, and the king was obliged to fling open his asylum to allkind of deserters: content with not speaking to them at his levee, or listening to them in the pulpit!

Lord Chief Justice Willes was designed for chancellor. He had been raised by Sir Robert Walpole, though always browbeaten by haughty Yorke, and hated by the Pelhams, for that very attachment to their own patron. As Willes's nature was more open, he returned their aversion with little reserve. He was not wont to disguise any of his passions. That for gaming was notorious, for women unbouded. There was a remarkable story current of a grave person's coming to reprove the scandal he gave, and to tell him that the world talked of one of his maid servants being with child. Willes said, "What is that to me?" The monitor answered, "Oh! but they say it is by your lordship." "And what is that to you?" He had great quickness of wit, and a merit that would atone for many foibles, his severity to, and discourage

* Here is my evidence. Mr. Robyns said he had known him an atheist, and had advised him against talking so openly in coffee-houses. Mr. Stevens, a mathematician, who lives much in the house with Earl Powlett, says, Secker made him an atheist at Leyden, where the club was established.

ment of that pest of society, attorneys: hence his court was deserted by them; and all the business they could transport, carried into the chancery, where Yorke's filial piety would not refuse an asylum to his father's profession.

Edward Vernon, a silly noisy admiral, who, towards the beginning of the war with Spain, was rash enough to engage to take Porto Bello with six ships only, and rash enough to accomplish his engagement, which made him so popular, that, notwithstanding his failing soon afterwards in an attempt upon Carthage, and after that, more blameably upon Cuba, he was chosen into parliament for several places, had his head painted on every sign, and his birthday kept twice in one year. Yet as his courage was much greater than his sense, his reputation was much greater than his courage: one should have thought that the lighness of his head would have buoyed up his heart in any extremity! He had withdrawn himself but very awkwardly from two or three private quarrels, and lost his public character with still greater infamy; for being out of humour with the Admiralty, he published a series of letters and instructions from that board in the very heat of the rebellion, by which he betrayed our spies and intelligence to the French, and was removed from all command with ignominy. He raised great wealth by the war, and by his economy, and was at last chosen one of the directors of the new herring fisheries, which occasioned the following epigram:

Long in the senate had brave Vernon rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd;
Sick of his noise, we wearied Heav'n with pray'r,
In his own element to place the tar:
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.

(To be continued.)

Holkham, a poem; dedicated without permission to Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. A.S.S.
12mo. pp. 78. Sams.

THIS is one of the political squibs of the day, directed against Mr. Hume, whose financial toils and economical perseverance render him an object of no small dislike to his harassed opponents. It is founded on one of Mr. Coke's agricultural fêtes, and represents Mr. Brougham, Mr. M. A. Taylor, and Mr. Hume, as singing for the prize of an ass's skin. Such subjects we are not very partial to, but as general indicators of as much of the literature of the period as our space gives us leave to notice, we shall give a brief extract or two from this performance. The scene is thus painted:—

Nor less, this great and festive day confess'd
The power of wine o'er every sapient guest.
Hard is the task when strong temptation tries!
The wisest mortals are not always wise!
Thus spake the sage, who well our nature knew,
And time and trial prove the maxim true:
Then who can wonder, if forbidden bliss
Should tempt e'en Whigs at such an hour as this?
If Hume forgot his shillings and his peace
And steep'd in potent wine his weaker sense?
Or what avails it now in rhyme to tell
That Anon strove to rise, but striving fell?

In sober truth, it was a seditious scene
To wake the cynic's sneer, or censor's spleen;

For still as long indulgence mark'd the crew,
The noise more loud, the clamour deeper grew,
And many a Whig, who ne'er before had found
The voice of melody, or charm of sound,
Now gave his labours to the tuneful throng,
And yell'd in discord with the boisterous song;
The wild carousal shook the peaceful hall
And Holkham's rafters echoed to the brawl.

Mr. Taylor's song, and the remarks upon it, will suffice for the rest.

Oh! hie away, Lambton,
Oh! hasten away,
Wait not for the morning,
Oh! wait not for day!
Thy soft cheek is ruffled,
Thy temper is cross'd,
Thy speech is unheeded,
Thy motion is lost!

For the sharp-scented Tories have fasten'd their
Whilst thou wert a dining afar and away!

Oh! heed not the scoffers,
The time it may come,
When their peace may be broken
By me and my chum.
One truth this may teach thee,
The future to guide,
On eating and treating—
What evils betide—

For as froth comes with Bennett as Grizzle with
So this comes of dining afar and away.

Hark! hark! to the laughter,
The sneer and the hiss,
Is the black blood of Durham
Degraded to this?

Even friends smile in concert,
And add to our pain,
The scene is so funny
They cannot refrain;

Then hie away Lambton, Oh! hasten away [Tou-
Came, come—Miss Taylor shall mix thee some
In sweetest tone thus sang the little man
Whilst thro' the crowd approving whispers ran;
Then loud applaudings rent the echoing hall,
The song and songster gave delight to all;
To all save one—for see with rueful look
Lambton departs and seeks you lonely nook,
There to regret the oft regretted day,
When prudence lost, and folly gain'd the sway,
And sent him, fallen from his high estate,
Like Esau tempted, and with Esau's fate.

Tales of my Aunt Martha. 3 vols. 12mo.
W. Fearman.

THE crowd of new publications which press upon us at this period of the year, have prevented our paying attention to these volumes at an earlier period; and now restrict us to a narrow space. The *Tales of my Aunt Martha* comprehend three stories—*The Laird*; *The Sisters*; and *The Chateau de La Vendée*. These stories are prefaced by an account of the *Story-teller*. *My Aunt Martha's* history is a little novel in itself; and this ancient person passes through the same adventures in miniature which her heroine encounter at greater length of pages and casualty. She has had—as what lady has had not, or not deserved to have?—a lover. But with her, as with others, “the course of true love never does run smooth;” and after losing her admirer, she peaceably retires from the pursuit, and reconciles herself to teaching the rising generation how the great business of life, which in the apprehension of most lady-authors is marriage, may be

accomplished with the greatest directness, comfort, and security. She has, in the variety of her tales, prudently consulted the various taste of the novel-reading world. The new interest which the series of Scottish novels has connected with the Scottish character, will probably assist the attraction of “*The Laird*,” while its being thorough Northern in manners, conduct, and language, may fasten on the nationality of sept and clan from the Tweed to the Orkneys. In the Scottish novels, however, the Northern dialect is used only when it assists some peculiar and pointed expression of character. In the present work all the dialogue, general and particular, common and characteristic, is involved in the same formidable phraseology. We are not perfectly prepared to feel the charm of this fondness. That the Scottish possesses some expressions not easily translatable, is a merit which it shares in common with every language of the earth; and it may even be allowed, that to a native ear there may be some early interest connected with the tone of the original tongue; local humour may be best expressed in local diction; but to suppose that the common and baser uses of language, the verbiage of the vulgar, the foolish, or the ignorant, can assume a distinct captivation from its being clothed in Scottish, is, we think, a mistake of *My Aunt Martha's* tale.

The spirit of those stories is, however, of a kind which is independent of local associations. It is an honourable attempt to instruct the less experienced mind in the choice and the conduct of life, to sustain the feeble, to give additional purity to the well-meaning, and to administer new intelligence to the wise. Romance must look to other works for its dangerous indulgence; adventure has no brilliant improbabilities, and passion no fiery excesses. The business of the amiable author is the everyday work of life—the history of those trials from which no virtue is free, and the recommendation of that wisdom by which all virtue is best secured.

The Laird is a young man encumbered with the provision of a whole host of brothers and sisters, from a narrow income. His father's early death has flung this oppressive responsibility upon him, and he toils through his round of duties like an Atlas. The story is well constructed and well detailed. It has a great deal of the look of sober verity, and is, in all probability, the printed experience of some overgrown family, that had at length comfortably succeeded in banishing every individual of its blood to the uttermost shores of the world. This result, which many would look at as among the heaviest misfortunes, seems to be considered in the North as the happiest combination of good management and good fortune. The Laird does his duty according to the approved conception,—extricates himself and the family property from all embarrassments, and finally sees his whole sisterly and brotherly charge assembled round him, a little encumbered with liver complaints, and fractured by times and seasons, but all

either opulent, or in the expectation of opulence. The Laird's character is unluckily faultless. Novels are not capable of being made the pictures of actual life. Nothing is more desirable in our dealings with the world than to meet a character of plain, direct, dogged honesty, grave in business, and passionless in private intercourse. But in a novel this character is the Antipodes of captivity. The Laird's soberness, quiet regularity, and plain progress towards the *useful* in all things, expel him from the seat of supremacy in the novel, and leave the interest to be divided among his sisters and brothers—loving and hating, slaying and being slain. We give an extract from the adventures of one of the young exiles, an account of the fatal attack on General Matthews's army by Tippeo Saib.

In a few minutes he began to speak. "We marched at an early hour the next morning, and came in sight of Tippeo and his large army about the middle of the second day. Before the order for attack was issued, my uncle rode through the ranks, and spoke to every officer individually. He grasped my hand as he came up to me, and whispered, 'Charles, recollect your promise of last night. Be brave, but not rash; and let Roderic be uppermost in your thoughts.' Then continuing aloud, 'God bless and protect you,' passed directly to the next officer that was near me.

"I received my wound, I believe, in little less than ten minutes from the commencement of the engagement. I recollect, that before I fell, I saw James engaged in the thickest of the battle, fighting valiantly near my uncle. It was the last sight I was ever to have of my dear amiable brother; and never can time efface from my memory the expression of his countenance at that moment; it looked more than human, and I am sure he must have sold his life dearly. I lost all sense on falling; and it now appears a perfect miracle that I was not trampled to death by the soldiers, who were pushing up behind me to the engagement. I learned afterwards, that one of the soldiers had stooped down, and lifting me upon his back, carried me beyond the lines, and laid me on the grass. When I came to myself, I found myself in one of the huts of the natives, with an old man standing by me, endeavouring to recall my senses.

"It was many hours before I was able either to speak or think. The wound gave me intolerable pain, and produced a violent fever which lasted for weeks. I often begged to be informed of the fate of the battle; but the old man, who was the only person I ever saw, always answered, that, when I was well, he would tell me. I believe it was nearly six months before he ventured to inform me, that the English were completely routed, and that very few of their troops had escaped. I asked eagerly, if he had heard any of the officers' names who had fallen. No, he answered; he had heard of none, except the General, who was taken prisoner, he believed. This gave me some hopes; and I endeavoured to try to believe that my uncle and James might yet live. I never could get the slightest information from him, of the person who had brought me to his hut. The uniform answer was, that I should be told when it was necessary. I had con-

trived to make myself a pair of crutches out of a piece of wood my old friend procured for me, and had begun to hop about a few yards from the door; when one day I pressed the old man so earnestly to tell me how far we were from the field of battle, that he owned we were within half a mile of it. The most violent desire seized me to be able to reach it; but nothing I could say would induce him to allow me even to try to get there. I was, he said, a prisoner committed to his care, and he had pledged himself that I should never stir from the hut. 'Besides,' added he, 'you know not your own danger.—He who took you prisoner, only wishes to keep you for the sake of procuring a ransom. Whereas, if you fall into Tippeo's hands, you have neither chance for liberty nor life, and may perhaps be made to endure unheard of tortures. Take my advice, and remain quietly where you are, till you are claimed by him who intrusted you to my care. I have heard from him very lately, and it will not be long, I think, before you see him here.' I was obliged for that time to submit, though inwardly I resolved that, at all hazards, I would gratify my desire of going to the spot, as soon as I could be sure my strength would carry me so far.

His subsequent escape from this strange place of detention is told with spirit; and the story of the *Laird* concludes, as we have observed, in the re-union of all the members of this scattered and adventurous family.

The second narrative, "The Sisters," exhibits the contrast of mind and fortune in Harriet and Emma Mortimer, the daughters of an officer in the Company's service. Harriet is a handsome coquette, who, with all imaginable good intentions, involves herself in endless difficulties, and dies of their development. Emma is a handsome compound of prudence and passion, who, after escaping her sister's hazards, falls as violently in love, but luckily falls in love with a man of rank and opulence. She has her share of romance, and her generosity is vindicated, though somewhat at the cost of her prudence, by complete ignorance of every thing relating to her lover, but that he is pale, wears his hat upon his brows, and has been in Italy. This is his certificate of romance, and the affair proceeds with becoming obscurity and ardour, till the stranger starts up in the double charms of an Italian Marquis and an English Peer. The third story, "The Chateau de La Vendée," narrates the anxieties of a French family during some of the vicissitudes of the Revolution. The merit of these volumes is not in the vivacity of their narrative, but in the soundness of their maxims; they may not dazzle, but they will not mislead;—and so far as they are amusing, their amusement is not alloyed by dishonesty of motive or unsoundness of principle.

The Rural Walks of Cowper, displayed in a Series of Views near Olney, Bucks. 12mo. London: Storer, and Sherwood & Co.

To a well-written Memoir of the Poet Cowper, this very pleasing little volume adds fifteen Engravings of scenes alluded to in his poems, with descriptive sketches

of these subjects. Such a work admits of no illustration; and we have only to say of it, that the plates are picturesque in themselves, and cleverly executed by the Graver; and that the Sketches present as agreeable objects to the mind as the prints do to the eye.

BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

HAVING traversed the colonial bounds, as mentioned in our last Number, Mr Burchell urged his journey onward through the Bushmen country to the river Gariep. Occasionally they found ostrich nests; and an egg, equal to about 24 hens' eggs and rather coarser, made a comfortable Omelet dinner for two or three persons. A bird's nest under such circumstances was therefore no unimportant incident. For example,

Speelman, and Maagers, who, in the pursuit of game, had deviated from the waggon-road, fell in with an ostrich's nest, containing within it seventeen eggs, and round the outside nine more. This being a number greater than they knew how to carry, and yet not enduring the idea of leaving any behind, they at last lit upon a strange expedient: they took off their shirts, and by tying them up at bottom, converted them into bags. But these not holding more than half the number, their trowsers were next stripped off, and, in the same manner, the bottom of each leg being closed, they also were crammed full of eggs, and, being then secured at the waistband, were placed upon their shoulders. The handkerchief which they wore round their head, was taken to supply the place of the trowsers. As they came towards us, nothing could be more grotesque and ridiculous than the figure they cut, with the trowsers thus sitting on their shoulders, and their head just peeping out between the legs which projected before them.

All the Hottentots confirmed the fact of those nine eggs which were found on the outside of the nest, being intended as food for the young ostriches; and assured me that the eggs in this nest were the produce of two hens.

From the largest of birds we may pass to a notice of the largest of beasts—the following is the story attached to a spot called Carel Krieger's Grave, from a Hottentot of that name killed by an elephant:

He was an indefatigable and fearless hunter; and, being also an excellent marksman, often ventured into the most dangerous situations. One day, near this spot, having with his party pursued an elephant which he had wounded, the irritated animal suddenly turned round, and, singling out from the rest the person by whom he had been wounded, seized him with his trunk, and, lifting his wretched victim high in the air, dashed him with dreadful force to the ground. His companions, struck with horror, fled precipitately from the fatal scene, unable to turn their eyes to behold the rest of the tragedy. But on the following day they repaired to the spot, where they collected the few bones that could be found, and buried them near the spring. The enraged animal had not only trampled his body literally to pieces, but could not feel its vengeance satisfied till it had pounded the very flesh into the dust,

so that nothing of this unfortunate man remained, excepting a few of the larger bones.

Lions also abound in this quarter. When these animals were prowling about at night, to windward of the caravan, the oxen, dogs, &c. betrayed strong symptoms of uneasiness—indeed they are very formidable even to man. Mr. B. says, at a particular period,

Two Hottentots, with their waggons, were hastening on a-head of us, that they might be the first to get to the water; but we had not missed them long after the first dawn of twilight, before one of them came back in a great hurry for help to drive out of their road a huge lion, which they perceived lying before them just in their road. They had endeavoured to rouse him up, yet were themselves too much alarmed to fire, lest, through the dubious light, they might unfortunately miss their aim, and he should return the compliment by springing upon them. Although the beast would not oblige them by getting out of their way, he favoured them with a rear, which had the effect of making them halt till we came up; when the noise of so many waggons approaching, caused him to move off without molesting us.

In the African hunting there are curious peculiarities—Our author mentions,

In the afternoon, I observed, with my telescope, one of the hunters, who was on horseback, following an eland which was coming towards us. It is a practice, whenever it can be done, to drive their game as near home as possible, before it is shot, that they may not have to carry it far: but this cannot easily be done till, by a long chase, the animal begins to flag. This was the case at present, and the Hottentot drove it on before him with as much ease as he might have driven a cow. It had been severely wounded; and this, doubtless, occasioned the facility with which it was managed. The animal was brought within twenty yards of the waggons, where it stood still, unable, from fatigue, to move a step further. Before the hunter fired again, he was persuaded to wait till I had made two sketches, one in profile and another in front. During the whole time I was drawing, the animal made no attempt to move, and it was really astonishing that it continued so long in the same attitude, silent and motionless. - - -

All the hunters returned before sunset, having shot a couple more; and two waggons were immediately unloaded and sent to bring the carcasses home. But they had paid dearly for their game by their venturous imprudence in riding into the midst of a large herd; when the animals, in their own defence, turned upon them, and gored two of the horses, one of which received a deep thrust under the shoulder blade, and the other one in the side. The riders fortunately escaped unhurt; but came home with very woful countenances.

The banks of the Gariep are a paradise in the wilderness, and Mr. Burchell has done justice to this majestic river both by his pen and pencil. On reaching it he exclaims,

Here I could have rested the whole day; here I could have fixed my abode for months: enjoying the delightful shade, and inhaling the refreshing air. Rapt with the pleasing sensations which the scenery inspired, I sat on

the bank a long time contemplating the serenity and beauty of the view. The enormous footsteps of the mighty *River-Horse*, imprinted the sandy shore with numerous large holes, made as he nightly emerges from his watery element, to feed on the grass and foliage along the shore. Lower down, the wreck of large trees which had been swept away by the stream, during some great inundation, and here caught the bottom, leaving their crooked weather-beaten branches, thrust up above the surface, stood a monument of the resistless power of the flood at such times; though now, so smooth and gentle. - - -

Along the bank I found a poppy four feet in height, with a showy bright-red flower like that of our common English corn-poppy; an interesting and unexpected discovery, in these southern latitudes, of a genus so decidedly northern.

Birds in great variety inhabit these groves, and the sound of their various notes dispels every feeling of loneliness. Amidst this concert the ear is soothed with the cooling of doves. - - -

The Hottentots, glad to shelter from the scorching sun, had thrown aside their *karosses*, and lay nearly naked in little groups in the shade: others were enjoying a bath, of whom some swam fearlessly into the middle of the stream. Men and women with their calabashes, were continually ascending and descending the steep pathway to the river, and the dogs, driven by the sultry heat, often came to quench their thirst, while the cattle at the same time, protected from the sun, picked up abundance of fresh grass which grew here and there between the trees. - - -

The banks of this beautiful river are clothed with wood from its mouth upwards as far as it has been explored. This line of trees is sometimes a quarter of a mile in breadth, but is frequently interrupted by short intervals: it would furnish timber sufficient for all the purposes of colonization on its banks, and I cannot but believe that at some future period settlers will be tempted, by the advantages of a large river, to form a lengthened colony along its course. Although its frequent falls and rapids would, especially in that part of the year when its waters are low, prevent a continued navigation down to the ocean, yet it still remains to be proved that, at the time of its greatest annual floods, boats or rafts might not with safety convey the produce of the interior down to the sea-shore, without any interruption more than two or three "carrying-places."

The main stem of the *Gariep* is without any constant branch, for at least five hundred miles upwards. It then receives the waters of three great rivers, the *Ky Gariep* or *Yellow River*, coming from the north-eastward; the *Maap* or *Muddy River*, whose course and source is unknown; and the *Nu Gariep* or *Black River*, some branches of which rise in the mountains northward of *Caffreland*, and others probably near the country of the *Tainbu* or *Tambukis*: of these three the *Nu Gariep* is the largest.

Some of the water discharged by the *Gariep* into the ocean, cannot have flowed a distance much less than a thousand miles. This fine stream traverses the continent from east to west; thus proving that the highest land of Southern Africa, without the tropic, lies towards the eastern coast. Among the African rivers, this can hardly claim to

be ranked the fourth, as to length; but, for beauty, it probably stands the first, if I may form an opinion of the others from engraved representations.

Having crossed this stream with considerable labour, Mr. B. a few days afterwards visited another natural wonder in these deserts, of which he speaks in these terms:

Little notice as the Hottentots, in general, take of mineralogical objects, their attention has been attracted by a production of these mountains, which, observing to have the singular property of becoming, on being rubbed between the fingers, a soft cotton-like substance, resembling that which they made from their old handkerchiefs for the purpose of tinder, they have named *Doeksteen*, (*Handkerchief-stone*, or *Cloth-stone*.) They pointed out a particular part of the mountains where it might be found; and I made an excursion for the purpose of examining it, and at the same time to explore the *Kloof-Valley*, and its productions.

The *Doeksteen* is a kind of *Asbestos*, of a blue colour. Having found the spot, I made a drawing of the remarkable laminated rocks, between the thin horizontal layers of which it is found. These veins of asbestos are of various thickness, from the tenth to half an inch, and consequently their fibre, which is always transverse, is very short. But, in the mountains, at a place called *Eland's Fountain*, about five and twenty miles north-eastward, some is found, the fibres of which are above two inches long. This is, in fact, another species, and differs not only in the length, but in the more compact, perfectly straight and glossy fibre, and in its deeper color. The more remarkable circumstance is, the existence of *Asbestos* in mountains of argillaceous schistus. All the rocks at this place are formed of thin plates of this clay-slate, not more than half an inch in thickness, and often scarcely the tenth of an inch. Between these laminae, a beautiful kind of stone is found, sometimes of a blue and sometimes of a silky golden color, from the twentieth part of an inch to three inches thick. It is a species of *Asbestos* in a less mature and flaxen state, with compact fibres of a flinty hardness, either transverse or oblique, straight or wavy. The fracture of these laminae is generally according to the direction of the fibres. When cut and polished, this stone exhibits a very beautiful appearance. A handsome kind of *jasper*, brown, striped with black, is to be found here; and a green *opal* or *pitch-stone*.

Beyond the *Gariep* Mr. B. met a party of the *Koranas* or *Korass*, and reached *Klaarwater* in three months and a half after leaving *Cape Town*; the distance is no more than 791 miles. He falls desperately foul of Mr. Barrow and his travels;—but this and other points we must reserve, adding at present only one other extract, characteristic of the Hottentots and their manners:—

At one of the fires, an amusement of a very singular, and nearly unintelligible kind, was the source of great merriment, not only to the performers themselves, but to all the bystanders. They called it *Kaartpel* (card-playing), a word, in this instance, strangely misapplied. Two Hottentots seated opposite to each other, on the ground, were vociferating, as if in a rage, some particular ex-

pressions in their own language; laughing violently; throwing their bodies on either side; tossing their arms in all directions; at one moment with their hands close together; at another, stretched out wide apart; up in the air at one time, or in an instant, down on the ground; sometimes with them closed, at others, exhibiting them open to their opponent. Frequently in the heat of their game, they started up on their knees, falling back immediately on the ground again; and all this in such a quick, wild, extraordinary manner, that it was impossible, after watching their motions for a long time, to discover the nature of their game, or to comprehend the principle on which it was founded, any more than a person entirely ignorant of the moves at chess, could learn that by merely looking on.

This is a genuine Hottentot game, as every one would certainly suppose, on seeing the uncouth manner in which it is played. It is, they say, of great antiquity, and at present practised only by such as have preserved some portion of their original customs; and they pretend that it is not every Hottentot who possesses the talents necessary for playing at it in perfection. I found some difficulty in obtaining an intelligible explanation, but learnt, at last, that the principle consists in concealing a small piece of stick in one hand so dexterously, that the opponent shall not be able, when both closed hands are presented to him, to distinguish in which it is held; while, at the same time, he is obliged to decide, by some sign or motion, either on one or the other. As soon as the opponent has gained a certain number of guesses, he is considered to have won a game; and it then becomes his turn to take the stick, and display his ingenuity in concealing it, and in deceiving the other. In this manner the games are continued alternately, often the whole night long, or until the players are exhausted with fatigue. In the course of them, various little incidents, either of ingenuity or of mistake, occur to animate their exertions, and excite the rude harmless mirth of their surrounding friends.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ETYMOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

(Extracts.)

BACON. *s.* Is defined by lexicographers, "the flesh of a hog, salted and dried."—This is clear—but what is the etymology? Shall we say, with Ménage, that it is derived from "to bake," because it is dried by smoke? But where is the analogy between baking and smoking? Shall we adopt the thema *becen*, Sax. a beech-tree, because hogs are fattened with the mast of beech, oak, &c.?—But this applies to the hog alive, not to any part of the dead pig. It has been alleged that the French "Boucaner" is akin to the word "bacon," yet dried flesh is called Buccaneer's meat, not from the manner in which it is prepared for keeping, but from *bucula*, the flesh of bullocks, upon which these famous adventurers used to live. In the langue Romane, "bacon" means a hog—hence *baco* in low Latin.—*Ex.*:

Si dixes me doint confession

C'est un bacon (a pig) que j'etaui.

Fabliau du Soucrotin de Cluni.

And in Provence the same word means generally—"cochon Salé," in English, "pickled pork." But I am firmly of opinion on that "back" is the etymon; since the part so called in the animal is the *back* salted and dried. The Latin *lardum*, which means hog's fat in general, and exists, as an original, in our tongue "lard," does not approach the thema.

BAGGAGE. *s.* [*Baggage*, Fr. from the radical word *bag*.] A collection of bags and boxes, containing utensils, furniture, money, &c. for a soldier's use in the camp, or garri-son. A woman has been sometimes most uncivily called a *baggage*, and even in French a "bagasse"—on account of the quantity of trunks, band-boxes, small parcels, &c. &c. which she takes with her, besides her parrot, lapdog, and cat, when she sallies forth to travel in style. I suspect, however, that the etymon is not to be traced so far as a "baggage woman in a camp," as some authors have stated, but generally to a certain looseness of muscles and skin which makes its unseemly and unwelcome appearance when a fat woman, on the wrong side of forty-five or fifty, begins to lose her former "embonpoint." This unfortunate circumstance, the origin of wrinkles and furrows, reminds us generally of the nature and shape of a "bag."

A German princess, who had experienced in the latter stage of her life, that sort of "bagassity," was accordingly and appropriately called Margaret "bouche de Sac," (there exists an excellent, but very scarce, print of this lady) on account of an immense appendage of loose and flaccid flesh, dangling and bagging about her mouth, chin, and neck, like the dew-lap of the heifer, Georg. iii. 53.

— crurum tenus a mento palæria pendent.

A noble dew-lap reaches to her knees.

BAIT. *s.* [From "to bait," and "to bite."] *White-bait*, a fish of its own kind, much smaller than the common size sprat, found most plentifully in the river Thames, and particularly about Greenwich and Blackwall, whither epicures flock to eat them during the summer months. These diminutive, and nearly ephemeric inhabitants of that noble stream, have long been taken for the fry of another fish; but, placed under strict anatomical and microscopical inspection, they clearly prove themselves a distinct species. Not one is to be found, nor any fish resembling them, when the prescribed era of their short existence is over. Had Dr. Johnson and his friend Mr. Boswell, at the end of their water-excursion to Greenwich, been treated at the Ship or any other inn, with a well-fried dish of this delicate food, they could not have forgotten the delicious mess, and the lexicographer would have found a distinguished place for the sweetly-flavoured "white-bait" in his Dictionary.

BALLOON. } *s.* I find in Todd's ed. of Dr. Johnson's Dict. the following observation, speaking of ærostatic Balloons:—"By the following citation it looks as if the existence of such a machine had been known 150 years since:"

Like ballownes full of wind, the more they are pressed down, the higher they rise.

Hewit's Sermons, 1638.

Now it is evident that Hewit meant "balloons," also called "foot-balls," with which, at the imitation of the ancients, it was customary to play in England and in France two or three centuries before the last, and even now in some parts of the Continent. These balloons, [*folles*, Lat. See Martial's Epig. 14. 47.] consisted of thin leather bags, or animals' bladders, which, inflated with air, and being made tight, took a spherical shape, and became very elastic. They were thrown with great force by the hand of the player, and, bouncing from the floor, caught and returned by the foot of the adverse party as occasion required. One of the principal managements of skill consisted in squeezing the balloon with the forepart of the foot, in order that it should escape with violence from the oblique pressure, and rise up again parabolically in the air. To this, and to nothing else, could Hewit allude—for his words, as quoted, are, "The more they are pressed down, the higher they rise."—How can this apply to ærostatic Balloons?

BALNEUM MARIE. Lat. "Bain-marié," Fr.—*Διπλωμα*—*was duplex*, is now called *Balneum Marie*.] This sort of bath is generally used to warm broth, apozems, potions, in the wards of hospitals. The sisters or nurses, by means of lamps, keep several vessels constantly full of warm water, and when the hour approaches for the patients to take their draughts, the cups or vials which contain them, are deposited in this sort of bath, where they are heated by degrees, and without impairing the quality of the medicine, as might be the case if they were placed on, or even before, the fire. In fact, it serves as a mild digester, and several chemical operations cannot succeed without this simple contrivance. Thus far we have the nature of the thing—but what is the meaning of *Marie* added to *Balneum*? It is stated to have been originally the invention of a "Sœur de la charité" of the name of Mary, "Maria," or "Marie," in a charitable establishment. In foreign countries these religious females, "filles de la charité," devote themselves so conscientiously to the service of the sick and poor, that they really deserve the names of Mary and Martha, the benevolent sisters of Lazarus, and friends of our Saviour. By a long practice of chemical attendance, several became great adepts in the art of healing; and they were generally so respected, that hardly any one of them suffered from the blind fury of the French revolution. The once famous *Unguentum Matris* (official) "Unguent de la Mère," was also invented by one of those worthy women who are called "Mères," Mothers, instead of "Sœurs," Sisters, when they become stricken in years.

NEW HORATIAN READINGS.

SIR,—You know of course the many charges against the unfaithfulness of translators, and against their frequent destruction of all the force, power, tenderness, sublimity,

wit, &c. of the original; but I have never seen yet any satisfactory project proposed, by which the powers of the translator and original author could be both fairly represented in one book. True it is, that you may print the original in one page, and the translation in the opposite, but this is a poor mechanical book-binding expedient. Dean Swift, you may remember, on getting a translation of Horace thus arranged, very quietly tore out the English part, and declared that he could safely say that half the book was good, and was much obliged to the compiler for giving him so easy a method of separating the worthy from the unworthy. But a project which I have devised will save the translator from such wicked waggery, while it will do as well to show off the original.

I have begun on Horace, he being a jocos and haudy author, and I send you a specimen of my labours. You will perceive that my plan is to give lines alternately English and Latin, the former my own, the latter from my friend Flaccus. We are both thus fairly represented, just as in divided counties a Whig and Tory member are returned to satisfy both parties, without giving trouble.

If the public approve, I shall publish a translation of all the odes in this style; and if the public be a person of any taste, I am sure of general approbation. Meanwhile, Sir, believe me to be

Your most obedient Servant,
Kennington. DIONYSIUS DUGGAN.

P.S. Mind to pronounce my Latin lines with Latin accents, not Anglically. Thus, do not say, *ápros in ob-stántes plágas*, but *apros in ob-stántes plagás*: And slur the short syllables of tribrachs and anapests so as to bring them into order.

Second Epode of Horace, done in a new style.

Blest man! who far from busy hum,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Whistles his team afield with glee,
Solutus omni fœnore;
He lives in peace, from battles free,
Neq' horret iratùm mare;
And shuns the forum, and the gay
Potentiorum limina.
Therefore to vines of purple gloss
Altos maritat populos,
Or pruning off the boughs unfit
Feliciores inserit;
Or in a distant vale at ease
Prospectat errantes greges;
Or honey into jars conveys,
Aut tondet infirmas oves.
When his head decked with apples sweet
Autumnus agris exultit,
At plucking pears he's quite *au fait*,
Certant' et uvam purpure,
Some for Priapus, for thee, some,
Sylvane, tutor finium!
Beneath an oak 'tis sweet to be,
Mod' in tenaci gramine:
The streamlet winds in flowing maze;
Queruntur in sylvis aves;
The fount in dulcet murmur plays,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
But when the winter comes (and that
Imbres nivesque comparat)
With dogs he forces off to pass
Aprons in obstantes plagas;

Or spreads his nets so thick and close,
Turdus edacibus dolos;
Or hares, or cranes from far away
Jucunda captat premia.
The wooer love's unhappy stir
Hæc inter obliviscitur.
His wife can manage without loss
Domum et parvos liberos;
(Suppose her Sabine, or the dry
Pernicis uxor Appuli.)
Who piles the sacred hearth-stone high
Lassi sub adventum viri.
And from his ewes, penned lest they stray,
Distenta siccet ubera;
And this year's wine disposed to get,
Dapes inemptas apparet.
Oysters to me no joys supply,
Magisve rhombus aut scari,
(If when the East winds boisterous be
Hyems ad hoc vertat mare.)
Your turkey pout is not to us,
Non attagen ionicus,
So sweet as what we pick at home
Oliva ramis arborum;
Or sorrel which the meads supply—
Malvæ salubres corpori—
Or lamb slain at a festal show
Vel hædus eruptus luppo.
Feasting, 'tis sweet the creatures dumb
Videre prop'rantis domum;
Or oxen with the ploughshare go
Collo trahentes languido,
And all the slaves stretched out at ease
Circum residentes Lares.
Alphius the usurer babbled thus,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Called in his cash on th' Ides—but he
Querit Calendis ponere.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

AN Essay, entitled, "Observations proving the identity of structure and function of the Fascial and Trifascial Nerves," was read on the 25th ult. by William Wallace, M.R.I.A. Lecturer on Anatomy, &c. and we insert a summary of it, as it contains a specification of facts which may lead to important conclusions in the science of Anatomy.

It appears that the author considers these nerves as different portions of the same nervous apparatus, and that he has been in the habit for some years of so describing them in his lectures;—that he conceived himself called on to communicate to the Academy the facts upon which he has formed this opinion, in consequence of the publication of an Essay in the last Vol. of Phil. Trans. by Mr. Charles Nile, in which an entirely opposite doctrine is advanced, and upon which Mr. Nile attempts to found an entire new arrangement of the nervous system;—for (says the author) when an erroneous opinion, connected with a subject of importance, is promulgated by high authority, unless quickly corrected, it may have a long and deleterious influence on our inquiries.

The principal new facts, derived from human anatomy, upon which Mr. Wallace supports his opinion are, 1st. In the course of his dissections, so long ago as the year 1812, he met an unusual arrangement of

the nerves of the face—the greater portion of the fascial of one side wanting, and its place supplied by a division from the trifascial or trigeminus, which turned round the posterior edge of the ramus of the jaw, exactly after the manner in which the upper division of the fascial does in ordinary circumstances. 2dly. In consequence of this occurrence (which he mentioned at the time and afterwards to several scientific friends, and among others to Dr. Spurzheim, who alluded to it in his lectures on the structure of the brain, delivered in Dublin in 1814), he was led to examine these nerves at their origin more minutely than had been previously done, and he discovered that in the interior of the substance of the brain they are united and form only one. He concludes, as the one never can supply the place of the other, and as they are united at their origin, they must be the same in structure and function.

He makes the following observations on the mode of discovering the union of these nerves in the brain:—"When we look at the point of the brain, from whence the fascial and trifascial emerge, the latter has evidently the aspect of passing downwards, outwards and backwards, through the substance of the Pons Varioli or commissure of the Cerebellum; and the former has, as evidently, a direction upwards, outwards and forwards. Hence, even on the surface of the brain, they appear to run towards one another. If the brain be sufficiently firm for dissection, the union of these nerves in its substance may be most easily shown, by making an incision of about two lines in depth through the commissure of the Cerebellum, exactly on the inner side of the nerves; and then, with the handle of a knife, scrape the transverse fibres of this body on both sides of the incision, taking care not to disturb the nerves when they are connected with the surface, but use them as a guide in searching for their continuation in the pons, and we may easily discover the two nerves united in one at their origin."

OXFORD, Feb. 9.—Saturday last the Rev. Ashurst Turner Gilbert, B.D. Vice-Principal of Brazenose College, was elected Principal of that Society, in the place of the Rev. Dr. Hodson, deceased.

Masters of Arts.—G. A. Reid, Esq. University College, grand compounder; Rev. W. Oldfield Bartlett, R. Oliver, Merton College; R. Fayle, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. Hutchins, Chaplain of Christ Church; R. Ford, Trinity College; Rev. J. Aytton Wood, Rev. J. Fletcher, St. John's College; Rev. G. C. Hayward, Scholar of Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Hindes, Bachelor of Arts, of Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated; W. Knight, H. Jones, J. M. Chapman, Exeter College; J. W. E. Green, Balliol College; C. Dodgson, Student of Christ Church; J. T. J. Hewlett, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 25.—Saturday last, being Bachelors of Arts' Commencement, the following 212 gentlemen were admitted to that degree:—

Messrs. Allan, Ansley, Bennet, Bower, Ethelstone, Farley, Frampton, Gillichan, Godfrey, Guest, Hall, Hamilton, sen. Hamilton, jun. Heneage, Holgate, Jepson, Kemp, Lloyd, Long, Macaulay, Malden, Marriott, Marten, Matthews, Morton, Norman, Perry, Rawson, Reynolds, Richards, Robley, Simmons, Taylor, Thomas, Thornton, Unthank, Walsh, Ware, White, Wilmot, Trinity College;—Messrs. Backler, Barker, Bateman, Battersby, Bell, Birkett, Bullock, Calvert, Clay, Collins, Colville, Fenn, Ffolliott, Gage, Gibbon, Giraud, Gough, Green, Grey, Griffith, Hawkesley, Hargreaves, Heberden, Henderson, Hodgson, Huntley, Hutchinson, J. Jarratt, R. Jarratt, Jenyns, Kennaway, Kirk, Laycock, Margetts, North, Par, Payne, Pidcock, Robinson, Schneider, Silvester, Simpson, Smith, Smyth, Spitta, Taylor, Thompson, Trafford, Turner, Vaughan, Villiers, Wilkinson, Winn, Wood, St. John's College;—Messrs. Adcock, Alder, Cardale, Davenport, Gape, Hogg, Law, Maule, Norman, Paley, Peters, Scott, Trench, St. Peter's College;—Messrs. Agar, Browne, Cobbold, Collyer, Haggitt, Harris, Heath, Leicester, Nicholls, Thornton, Ward, Whalley, White, Winthrop, Clare-Hall;—Messrs. G. Alderson, J. Alderson, Blunt, Brookes, Hyde, Campbell, Everest, Head, Palmer, Trollope, Warburton, Wybergh, Pembroke-Hall;—Messrs. Arnold, Baker, Burt, Carver, Doughty, Fowke, Holditch, Jickling, Longe, Paterson, Perry, Safford, Wight, Caius College;—Messrs. Burroughes, Browne, Cremer, Driver, Gooch, Hughes, Hutchins, King, Peacock, Philpott, Raven, Roper, Temple, Wallace, Wood, Bene't College;—Messrs. Ellaby, Farish, Farnival, Mousley, Serres, Williams, Queen's College;—Messrs. Dudding, Ellaby, Fisher, Gladhall, Jones, Nussey, Robson, Terrington, Catherine-Hall;—Messrs. Brown, Cornwall, Crompton, Croughn, Fendall, Greenwood, Hinde, Hutchinson, Owen, Radford, Walters, Wilson, Worship, Jesus College;—Messrs. Baker, Bellas, Blackburn, Burney, Blyth, Gould, Porter, Royds, Steel, Taylor, Christ College;—Messrs. Chichester, Fendall, Turner, Magdalene College;—Messrs. Drake, Gore, Hyde, Mason, Miller, Milner, Salmon, Whitaker, Emmanuel College;—Messrs. Alford, Stone, Williamson, Sidney College.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AFRICA.

ONE of the Hottentots wounded a red buck, a species of deer which seldom comes farther to the south than Lattakoo. It is larger than most other kinds of bucks, and has long crooked horns, with yellow hair of a reddish hue.

The rain ceasing, an opportunity was afforded for walking round the town. We passed a circle of ten or twelve yards completely covered with expiring insects, having bodies about the size of a common butterfly, with large wings approaching in size to that of the dragon-fly. The fluttering of so many thousand wings, while the greater part of the poor creatures lay with their backs on the ground, at first sight had a startling appearance. They appeared to be a species of ants, whose holes had been inundated by the rains, which had so be-

numbed them, that they had only strength to creep from their cells to a little distance.

In the mean time we took a short walk, during which we witnessed two or three vast collections of expiring insects, like those we had before seen. All such as had been able to thrust their heads into soft parts of the ground appeared in better health, and likely to recover the effects of the deluge; and hundreds had succeeded, but all the others were dead or dying.—Their bellies were of a dull yellow, their six legs of the same colour, and shaped like those of the butterfly; the back and upper half of the head were brown; the fore half of the head, the two horns and two feelers yellow. Their large wings, like those of the flying ant, were of a dark drab colour, and four in number; only two are noticed when folded, but in motion they are easily distinguished.

In the valley I listened to the singing of a bird, whose notes resembled those of the blackbird in England. This was a rare occurrence in southern Africa, where the greatest part of the birds are not musical, though clothed in the most splendid attire.

The legs and feet of the rhinoceros, being of a huge size, require to be cooked in an oven, and the following curious method is adopted for the purpose:—The ants' nests are composed of hard clay, shaped like a baker's oven, and are from two to three feet in height. Several of these were excavated by the people early in the morning, and their innumerable population destroyed. The space thus obtained was filled with lighted fuel, till the bottom and sides became red hot within. The embers of the wood were then removed, the leg or foot of the rhinoceros introduced, and the door closed up with heated clay and embers. Fire was also made on the outside over the nests, and the flesh was allowed to remain in it for several hours. Food cooked in this way is highly relished by all the tribes.

Though the rhinoceros be one of the most ferocious of animals, it possesses some fear of man. There is a brown bird, about the size of a thrush, called the rhinoceros bird, from its perching upon those animals and picking off the bush-lice which fix on him, and from which he has no means to extricate himself. This little creature performs the same kind service to the elephant.

The holly-hock is a native of the Marootzee country, for I found it growing wild among the rocks around Kurreechane; the flower was yellow.

Cornelius, my Hottentot driver, told me that once, on the confines of Caffreland, he had seen a shower of hail-stones, many of which were larger than a pigeon's egg. These not only injured the trees, but killed many of the ostriches, which were found dead after the shower had passed over.

The Bushmen did not come for water to the fountain while we halted, but this accorded with their rule never to drink of the fountain nearest their kraal. The Bushmen have always a strong odour about them, of which the animals are aware, consequently if they were daily going for water to the fountain, the scent left behind would frighten away the game, and thereby lessen their

means of subsistence. To prevent, therefore, the necessity of resorting to the fountain, they dig holes at a distance from it, out of which they procure a supply.

Not having, on my former journey, examined the inside of any of the large birds' nests, and an opportunity of doing so occurring, we halted a short time for the purpose. We cut down the limb of a tree on which one of those nests was built. It was not suspended from the branch, but firmly attached to it. The nest was about the size of a hog's head, composed of strong, coarse straw, regularly thatched, the ends of the straw pointing downwards, so that no rain could possibly enter. It had eight holes in the bottom for admitting the birds; these did not lead to one general chamber in the middle, but each led to a distinct apartment which had no communication with the others. They were all lined with the soft downy heads of a particular species of grass well suited for the purpose. On dividing the nest across, the large mass above was found to be a solid body of straw, designed probably to prevent the admission of serpents or other noxious animals.

While a Hottentot was chastising one of the dogs for stealing, its companion looked on for some time. At length rushing forward he bit the Hottentot severely on the thigh, after which both dogs fled to the outside of the town.

Some of the shooters, who went into the desert, saw two cameloopards; but a Mat-slaroo allowing himself too soon to be seen by them, they were intimidated and fled. The lion can seldom kill this animal, owing to the thickness of his skin. He has been known to jump upon the back of the cameloopard, and to have been carried a distance of twenty miles. His claws, however, are so firmly fixed, that the flying and terrified animal seldom succeeds in freeing himself from his rider till the lion himself chooses to dismount.

Near midnight a bird alighted on a tree opposite the tent, whose cry so much resembled the barking of a dog, that even the dogs themselves seemed deceived by it, and joined in full chorus.

[Another whimsical scene is mentioned, where a remarkable echo was answered by the dogs, who imagined that the barking opposite, proceeded from another body of their own species.]

On the 13th, observing the Hottentots carefully carrying two dead snakes to a distance from the road, I found upon inquiry, that they had attributed the death of several of their countrymen to the circumstance of having trodden on the bones of snakes; I also understood that many of the boors were of the same opinion.

Mr. Taylor mentioned to me the following singular circumstance respecting a serpent, which he received from a respectable person, who had been an eye-witness to the fact:—The serpent was only about twelve inches long, and not thicker than a man's little finger. Having found a hen's egg, the little reptile gradually distended its mouth so as to swallow it whole. When the egg had reached the stomach, the ser-

pent, by twisting himself round, broke the egg, threw up the shell, but retained its contents.

FINE ARTS.

THE WELLINGTON SHIELD, ETC.

[In Silver chased and gilt: by Messrs. Green, Ward, Green and Ward.]

SINCE our descriptive notice of Mr. Stothard's Print, we have seen the magnificent work of which it furnished the model, and the two superb columns that accompany it. If the ingenuity of the design excited our admiration, the sculptured execution of it in the Shield and in these Columns has afforded us no less satisfaction. The three pieces are, as far as our experience teaches, by far the noblest specimens of the kind ever wrought in England; and the utmost credit is certainly due to Messrs. Green & Co., and the artists employed by them, for accomplishing their very difficult task in a style which does honour to our arts generally, and raises our reputation in one of the most ornamental which taste and luxury can call into display.

The Shield is of massive silver, richly gilt. The centre groupe as described in our last is in very high, or alto relieve, of what is called dead gold, and opposed to the bright burnished rays that form the back ground to the figures. The surrounding compartments (also in dead gold) are in bas-relief, and again relieved by the burnished border.

The Columns are intended to stand, one on each side of the shield. Each consists of an incurvated triangular base, the sides exquisitely adorned with characteristic figures of various nations, in low relief, cultivating the arts or enjoying the pleasures of peace, which the triumphs of Wellington have secured. From this base rises the trunk or body of a palm-tree, at the foot of which are three soldiers in graceful positions: in one a Spaniard, Portuguese, and Sepoy; in the other an English Grenadier, an Irish Light Infantry man, and a Highlander—all of whom have been commanded by the hero. At the angles of the base, signs, trappings, implements, &c. of war are piled in useless disorder. The top of the tree-column is surmounted by a Victory with a laurel wreath. The whole is about three feet in height; and the ensemble is exceeding grand as well as beautiful.

Upon the whole we are led to regard works of this kind with great interest, as associated with the splendid remains of antiquity, as well as with those which appeared on the revival of the arts in Italy, under the patronage of the Medici family, and the Pontiffs of Rome. At that period the arts were put in requisition, to consecrate not only every form of the ornamental, but of the defensive kind; and we may trace the state of design in that day in the armour embellished by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini, Julio Romano, and other distinguished masters.

The whole cost of these monuments is somewhere under 11,000*l.*, and this splendid

present, as well as the admirable manner of its execution, may well be thought to illustrate the intelligent and suitable Device of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, given in our last—"the open hand and the discerning eye." Liberality and discernment are the only sure foundations on which to raise the superstructure, and advance the improvement of the Fine Arts; the first, without the latter, is but employing a hot-bed to foster mushrooms.

DESTRUCTION OF PARGA.

A VERY large picture, entitled as above, but representing the abandonment of Parga by its inhabitants, on the advance of Ali Pasha, is exhibited in Maddox-street. It is the production of J. and G. Fogg, artists known to the public by several pictures honourable to their minds and talents, but never more distinguished than by this work. We do not mean to say that it does not display many things to censure; but it is a noble effort, as an effort of art, and has much to deserve praise. Circumstances prevent our going into any detail—the great beauties and the great blemishes must, therefore, be alike unrecorded for the present;—but we commit ourselves to express a hope that any performance of half the merit of this design, (no matter for its imperfections) will not languish for want of the countenance and support expected from a public exhibition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THOU HAST SLEPT, O LYRE!

Thou hast slept, O Lyre!
Yet the wild stream weepeth
The winged hours away,
And the vale-flower under her bonnet peepeth
To ensnare thy praise for her beauteous attire,
Sing again, sweet Lyre, I pray.

Let the blue rills mourn,
And the flowers cease wooing
My silent chords. In vain!—
Their still soul wakes not to such petty suing,
But thy fingers along my strings shall burn
If thou'lt sing to thy Love again.

My Love! At thy pray'r,
Let the slumbering minions
Of lyral song arise!
And heav'n-born Fame on angelical pinions
Mounting the springy volumes of the air,
Tell her beauty to the skies!

In my breathing bow'rs
Where the sighing willow
And wild vine o'er my bed,
Shadowing mine own ambrosial pillow,
Shall lull thee with sighs o' murmuring flowers,
Sweet Lady! rest thy head.

Round the fragrant couch
Where thy dear form resteth
Th' ensanguin'd flow'r shall lie,
And the dearest theme with which Heav'n investeth
A poet's soul and a minstrel's touch,
My Lyre to thine ear shall sing.

When my goblet foams
For thy lip to press it,
If breath'd upon by thee
Reach me mine hallowed bowl to kiss it,
And o'er its brim whilst my vision roams
Let me die in ecstasie!

And oh! when I kneel
At thy bosom's altar
Where Heav'n's own incense lies, [falter,
When mine eye doth swim, and my tongue doth
Seeking to tell what my pulse doth feel,
Shall my lip drink nought but sighs?

Ah me! if that breast
Might en throne my slumbers,
Lull'd by thy voice divine
My Lyre would forget her reckless numbers,
For such spell might charm to eternal rest
Souls far less warm than mine.

But my laurel mourns
And my Lyre sings, Willow!
To wish, vain, wild, and high,
For thy cheek doth press another's pillow,
Whilst my soul for a fairer Laura burns
Tho' an humbler Petrarch, I.

RICHARD BELVOIR.

SONG.

Listen to the tale
That on the night gale
Blends with the rose's sigh;
The moon shines o'er thy bower,
Yon star has marked the hour
When no step and no sound are nigh.

Like the nightbird's lay
Which dares not by day
Tell of its hope and fear,
But awakens the flower
On the still moonlight hour,
When not another song is near.

Then ope those blue eyes,
The smile which there lies
Glancing of love, fond love;
So like yon star's sweet ray,
Whose brightness clears away
Each shadow that darkens above.

The pearls of the sea
Were worthless to me,
Earth's gems in vain were mine;
They would not give the bliss
Of a moment like this
When I breathe that sweet sigh of thine.

L. E. L.

EPIGRAMS.

On a noted Liar.

Thou would'st lie with the Devil;
With the Devil thou shalt lie.

On a Lady.

No longer shall Venus, as Poets have told,
With Pallas in enmity be;
For later and better mythologists hold,
That both are united in Thee.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE TOMB.*

"Alas! unheeded of their doom,
With hurrying step they seek the Tomb."
Anonymous.

OF all the exhibitions that attract the
lounger in this overgrown metropolis, few

* Since our last Number, the four Essays, of which the "Auction" forms one and the following paper another, have been published in a small volume: we commend it to the public, not only on the score of its own merits, but because we have ascertained that its copyright has been most judiciously and liberally bestowed by the admired author on literary talent not so fortunate as * * * own.

present a more interesting study to the reflecting mind, or a more entertaining scene to the lovers of character, than the EGYPTIAN TOMB.

The period in which this excavation was formed is so remote, that its history is involved in an obscurity which adds, to it still greater interest, and brings to the mind a thousand reflections on the vanity of all human efforts to force the natural course of events; it forms an admirable subject for the philosopher to contemplate, and illustrates the ever-varying scenes of this mutable world: while the crowds of busy triflers, and listless loungers, that hover round, furnish ample food for amusement to the lovers of eccentricity and character.

Little could *Psammis*, whose Tomb this is supposed to be, have imagined that, after a lapse of about two thousand five hundred years, the exact model of his Mausoleum would be exhibited in a capital, which, when this Tomb was formed, did not exist. *Psammis* flourished about six hundred years before Christ, and was successor to Pharaoh Necho.

After mounting a steep and dark staircase, the first sentence we heard was uttered by a lady, who exclaimed, "O dear, how hot the Tomb is!" and another remarked, "That there was not light sufficient to see the gods." The groups scattered round, formed a striking contrast to the scene itself:—at the entrance were two large animals, of the Sphinx species, formed of granite, with lions' heads, and between them was seated an elderly man, in the act of masticating tobacco, whose countenance bore a strong likeness to them. Two or three fine young women, simply but elegantly attired, with their graceful attitudes, and undulating draperies, formed an agreeable contrast to the stiff and disproportioned forms of the grotesque Egyptian female figures.

A party of school-boys were amusing themselves by discovering likenesses to each other, in the monstrous deities displayed on the wall; and a governess was answering the enquiries of her young pupils, "If there ever existed men with lions', apes', and foxes' heads?" by sententiously reading extracts from Belzoni's Description, not a word of which the little innocents could understand. One old lady remarked, that "The Tomb was not at all alarming when people got used to it;" and another said, "it made her melancholy, by reminding her of the death of her dear first husband, the worthy Alderman, to whose memory she had erected a very genteel one." Two vulgar looking old men declared their conviction that "It was all a hum, for had there been such a place, Lord Nelson would have said *summat* about it, in his dispatches;" and another person of the same class, said that, "For his part, he did not like foreigners; and why did no Englishman ever find out this *here* place? he should not wonder if, in the end, Mr. Belzoni, or whatever his name is, was found out to be like that Baron who wrote so many fibs." The first speaker observed that, "Any man, who would go for to say, as *how* men had apes'

faces (though his own bore a striking likeness to one) would say any thing."

A gentleman, who appeared to be a tutor, and two young lads, were attentively examining the model, and comparing it with Belzoni's Narrative; and the questions they asked, and the observations which they made, shewed a spirit of enquiry and intelligence pleasing to witness; while his answers, full of good sense and information, marked how well qualified he was to convey instruction.

"The tomb levels all distinctions," though a trite observation, is one, the truth of which has never been doubted; and, if it were, a visit to that of *Psammis* would convince the most incredulous: for here persons of all ranks meet, and jostle each other with impunity. The fine lady, who holds her *vinaigrette* to her nostrils, and remarks to her attending beau, "What a dreadfully shocking place it is;" and that "there is not a single person of fashion there," is elbowed by a fat red faced woman, who looks like the mistress of a gin shop, and who declares to her spouse that, "She would give a shilling for a glass of aniseed; for looking at *them there* mummies has made her feel so queerish."

An old lady, and her two grand-daughters, are examining the Pyramid; the old lady has got on a pair of spectacles, and is, with evident labour, endeavouring to decipher a page of the Description; but, unfortunately, she has got at a wrong page, and having puzzled herself for some time, at last gives up the task in despair; and in answer to one of the children's questions of "Grand-mamma, what is a Pyramid?" the good old lady replies, "Why, a Pyramid, my dear, is a pretty ornament for the centre of a table, such as papa sometimes has instead of an *epergne*."

A simple-looking country girl is remarking to her companion that "This is not a bit like a tomb;" for that she has seen many, but they were all quite different, being small and much of the shape of a large trunk, or else they were head stones; and all had 'Here lies the body,' or some such thing on them, with cross bones, death's heads, and hour glasses."

Two ladies of fashion now enter, attended by two *Esquites*, or *Dandies* of the first class, and their exclamations of "What an odd place!" "O dear, how disagreeable the smell is!" attract the notice of the fine lady before mentioned, who has been engaged in a flirtation with her beau for the last half hour; they now recognize each other, and the languid "How d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you; how very funny that we should meet in the Tomb!" are uttered at once by all three: and one of the *Esquites*, who appears to be of the sentimental cast, takes this opportunity of slipping out that, "The presence of such divinities converts the Tomb into a heaven." A vulgar looking man, who has been listening to their chit-chat, and eyeing them with derision, whispers, but in audible accents, to his wife, a pretty modest looking woman, "My eye! did you hear what that *there* young pale faced chap said to *them there* painted women,

about going to heaven?—They don't seem to have any more chance of that sort of place, than they have thoughts of it just now." The wife gives him an imploring look to be quiet, and whispers, that she believes the ladies are no better than they should be, by their bold looks and loud speaking, and urges him to go to the other side.

Two intelligent lady-like looking women now attracted my attention, and I paused to listen to the observations they were making;—one of them remarked that, the coincidence between sacred and profane history, which this wonderful excavation presented, was most striking; and that a close investigation of it, might elucidate many passages in both, that had hitherto been enveloped in mystery. She illustrated her observations by quoting several passages from Herodotus, which perfectly agreed with some parts of the Bible, and observed the great utility to be derived in historical researches, from the light thus thrown on them, by the discovery of such stupendous and magnificent monuments of antiquity. Her friend agreed with her, and remarked that, not only in a historical, but in a moral point of view, such discoveries were of vast importance; for the specimens now presented to us by the enterprising Mr. Belzoni, bear irrefragable proofs that many arts flourished in the *era* in which those monuments were formed, the existence of which we had supposed to be of a much later date; and the vanity of man, who is buoyed up by a belief that the arts and inventions found among civilized nations, have been, for a series of years, in a progressive state of improvement, must receive a chastening lesson, by seeing the perfection which many of the arts had attained nearly three thousand years ago; and how comparatively slow their progress has been up to our time.

"To how many reflections do these shrivelled remains of poor frail mortality give rise," said one of the ladies, pointing to the mummies,— "what pains must there have been taken to have preserved them for so immense a lapse of time, even in their present state, and how small is the triumph of human art over decay, when this is all it can accomplish.—To look at those poor grim shades, and to reflect that they once had passions, affections and frailties, like our own; that those empty sockets once contained eyes that have sparkled with pleasure, flashed with anger, and beamed with tenderness on some loved object; that from their lids the tear of sympathizing pity, or sorrow, has often stolen: and that, when dimmed by death, some loved, and loving hand, has, with 'love's own tender care,' gently closed them; little deeming that this cherished face would ever again be unveiled to human sight; or, that in centuries after, in a foreign land, it would be exposed to the gaze of thousands, who would view it as a subject of curiosity or speculation.—Who, that has that yearning regard to the ashes which once formed the object of his affection, a regard so natural to mankind, can view those grim countenances, and regret that the art of embalming has fallen into disuse?"

—Better that the worm should not be defrauded of its prey, and that the dust of those whom we loved should mingle with its kindred earth, than that the triumph of 'The king of terrors' should be exposed to the un pitying and unthinking view of strangers. What patriot, that appreciated their worth, could bear to think that the honoured remains of a Fox, or a Pitt, whose ashes are endeared to us by so many proud recollections, were to be hereafter borne from their native shores: and yet, short-sighted and vain mortals as we are, the day may come, when their existence, or that of the Abbey that inurns them, may be as problematical as the site of Babylon."

They now directed their attention to the model of the pyramid, and commented on the several writers who have been of opinion that the pyramids were built before the flood; and the probable conjecture, that they were erected to gratify the pride, or satisfy the superstition of the Egyptian monarchs. One stated that Mr. Volney derives the word pyramid from *bour-a-mit*, a cave of the dead; and the uncertain basis, on which every conjecture, relative to those stupendous buildings, must rest, gave rise to several admirable reflections from both ladies, on the instability of all sublimity grandeur, which they concluded, by observing, that these gigantic monuments, erected to perpetuate the memory of the monarchs, have not been able to rescue even their names from oblivion.

The party of fashionables now approached, and one of the ladies exclaimed, "Do pray let us leave this tiresome stupid place, where there is not a single thing to be seen worth looking at, and where the company is so intolerably vulgar. I really fancied it was a fashionable morning lounge, where one would meet every soul worth meeting in town, for, as to looking at a set of Egyptian frights it never entered into my head; I have not heard of Egypt since my governess used to bore me about it when I was learning geography; and as to tombs and pyramids, I have a perfect horror of them." Another of the ladies observed, that she "hated every thing Egyptian ever since she had heard of the plagues." And the third begged, that "in decrying Egypt and its productions, they would except Egyptian pebbles, which were beautiful, and took an exquisite polish."

"Oh! pray do look at the female ornaments (exclaimed one of the ladies;) did you ever see such horrid things? Only fancy any woman of taste wearing them: well, I declare those same Egyptians must have been dreadfully vulgar, and the women must have looked hideously when adorned in such finery. How surprised they would have been at seeing Wirgman's beautiful trinkets, or the sweet tasteful jewellery at Howel and James's." "I have always thought," replied one of the *Exquisites*, "these lines in Shakspeare very absurd, where he says

"Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

For no fine woman ever looks half so well,

as when she wears diamonds, or other valuable ornaments." "I agree with you in opinion," answered the other beau; but I am sure the quotation you have used is not to be found in Shakspeare." "I will bet you five guineas it is," said the first; and, said another, "I will bet ten that neither of you name the poet from whose works it is taken." The first *Exquisite* adheres to his original statement, that the lines are Shakspeare's; and the second declares his perfect conviction that they belong to Goldsmith. The ladies are called on for their opinions, and each of the three in turn, names "Darwin," "Moore," and "Byron," as the author, though they profess to have forgotten the particular poem in which the verses occur.—At last, the whole party agree to refer the wager to the decision of the Hon. Gen. P—pps, whose perfect acquaintance with the works of the immortal bard, and knowledge of all the poets, render him so competent to the task. Having the pleasure of knowing the General well, I could not forbear laughing, as I fancied the group exposing their ignorance to him, and his astonishment that in our enlightened age, such ignorance could exist: while with all the *bon homieism* and good breeding, for which he is so distinguished, he takes down from his book shelf "The Seasons."

Some young people attended by their mother, a very showy dressed woman, with many indications of vulgarity in her appearance, now stopped before the ruins of the temple of "Erments," and one of the children asked her "what place the water before them was meant to represent." The mamma replied, she "believed it was the Red Sea, or some such place," but recommended them not to "ask questions, as it would lead people to think them ignorant." This sapient answer seemed very unsatisfactory to the children, who having expressed their annoyance, were promised a copy of the Description, provided they would not look at it until they got home, as mamma was in a hurry.

A lady next us, enquired "if Egypt was near Switzerland?" and was informed by her friend, that it "was near Venice." The ignorance displayed by the greater part of the visitors of the Tomb, on historical, geographical, and chronological points, was truly surprising, and the perfect apathy evinced, was even more so. It was plain that they came to the Tomb merely to pass away an hour, or in the expectation of meeting their acquaintances; but as to feeling any interest in the scene before them, or drawing any moral inference from it, they seemed as little inclined, as if they had been in the round room of the Opera House on a crowded night. Wrapt up in their own self-satisfied ignorance, the works or monuments of antiquity boast no attraction for them; and strange to say, the metropolis of a country that professes to surpass all others in civilization and morals, presents, in some of its inhabitants, examples of ignorance and want of reflection, scarcely equalled in any other part of the civilized world.

SECOND SIGHT.

MR. EDITOR,—Having seen in the Literary Gazette an extract from Colonel Stewart's admirable work, mentioning an extraordinary instance of second sight occurring to a gentleman in 1773, I cannot forbear relating a conversation I held with a young man at Brecon, S. Wales, within two years, on a vision seen by him and his father's servant at the same time, and therefore the more extraordinary.

Mr. — told me, that as he was walking from his own home to a village four or five miles distant, one afternoon, on some business which required the farming servant to accompany him; just as they came to a bridge which there crosses the Usk, they perceived a funeral procession, and he expressed some surprise to the man that they had never heard of any person's death in the neighbourhood, and they began to guess who it could be. The funeral advanced; they saw various people, both on horseback and on foot, with whom they were perfectly well acquainted, and with whom they would have spoken on any other occasion; and these persons came so near to them, that they found it necessary to stand close up into one of the corners* of the bridge.

When the funeral had gone past they proceeded, and soon reaching the toll-bar, enquired of the man who lived there, whose funeral it was that they had met on the bridge? He replied, no funeral had passed that day, nor had he heard of any person in the neighbourhood being dead. In great surprise, they eagerly mentioned the names of various persons, especially those on horseback, who lived in the neighbourhood; he knew them well, but declared positively they had not passed the bar that day, and it was not possible for them to have gone over the bridge without doing so.

Two or three days after this, a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood died, and the man at the toll-bar through which the funeral passed, said it was attended by the same persons in the same situation described to him by these two men, so far as he could judge; and several of them Mr. — (the relater) declared *he had seen and questioned*, and they told him that they had attended the funeral mounted, or dressed, in the very way himself and his father's servant described them; but that on the evening when the vision took place, they were employed in their ordinary occupations.

The young gentleman from whom I received this account was well educated, and of good family. He appeared to be two or three and twenty years of age; was at that time improving himself in a solicitor's office of great respectability, and lived in the house where we had lodged for some weeks. There was nothing in his conversation or conduct which indicated either humour or fancy; still less was there in him the appearance of melancholy or superstition; he was rather a dashing young

* The bridges in S. Wales are generally built with abutments, which form triangular recesses on the bridge.

man, who would have laughed at the story from another person. He was by no means forward to relate this circumstance; but being asked to do so by a lady in the room, in consequence of some conversation which had arisen, he did so in a plain and manly way; as one who sincerely wished the thing had never happened to him, but could conscientiously repeat the facts and assert them.

I enquired the time when this took place; he said it was between five and six o'clock in a summer evening, the year before, viz. 1819. I then said, "May I ask, Sir, if you were perfectly well at the time, and if you had dined?" He replied, "I dined with my mother at two o'clock, and might have taken a single glass of wine with her or not, I cannot recollect, but certainly not more. I was as well as I am now, and when the funeral first appeared, was speaking to the man on the business we were going upon, and had no thoughts of such subjects in my mind whatever, nor had either of us the slightest idea that we had not seen a common funeral, until we were compelled to give it up by the toll-keeper, and many other people on the road, who must inevitably have seen it as well as ourselves; nor did any funeral take place in the neighbourhood until the one I have mentioned, about a week afterwards. To the circumstances I have mentioned I can safely take my oath, and so can the man who accompanied me, who is well known as a very honest fellow, and is still in our service."

There were many names mentioned and incidents particularized in this story, which I have either forgotten, or remember insufficiently for recapitulation; but this is the substance, and is too remarkable to be forgotten, or in my opinion accounted for by any ordinary elucidation; and being completely before us as to time, person, and place, has, at least, the advantage of being fairly examined.

I am, Mr. Editor, (with many thanks for the pleasure and information your excellent Journal has long afforded me)

Your's, &c. &c.

B. H.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Arrangements have been making for some time, by which the management of this theatre will be much altered. Mr. Harris, we understand, retires from the supreme direction, and is succeeded by Mr. Charles Kemble. The latter is supported by a powerful body of friends, who undertake to discharge the pecuniary claims upon the theatre, and set the concern entirely free, to carry on its operations with the greater spirit.

MATHEWS is about to become an Auto Biographer—and if he only tells the truth with half the whim that he has hitherto told his fictions, we shall consider his new entertainment as one of the most singular productions of the present age.

VARIETIES.

A correspondent mentions a rather whimsical notice, issued from the Trinity House, at a meeting held on the 11th December, and relating to a new Light House to be erected on the island of Bardsey, by which mariners, as the Board declares, shall have a light much more brilliant than any other in *St. George's Channel*, with the additional qualities of being both "*fixed and revolving at the same time*;" however these are the least advantages, for they not only "will be enabled to *borrow* less than heretofore on the *Irish coast*, but may avoid the danger also, by going too far to the northward, of getting embayed in *Hell's Mouth*."

A stranger said in Paris, "*Les femmes jalouses se jalourent de tout*." A word which the French should admit into their Dictionary.

Prend et Rend.—A Magistrate, blind of one eye, rated a Publican higher than he ought to have done, who begged in vain for a reduction: in revenge, he hung up a sign with the portrait of a one-eyed man, inscribed, "*Au Borgne qui prend*." The Magistrate became the laughing-stock of the town; but by restoring the money prevailed on his satirist to alter the sign. This was done, and the Publican immediately had the *p* erased, and the inscription now ran, "*Au Borgne qui rend*."

Postscripts.—Hippel once affirmed in company, that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Mrs. N.—Hippel speedily received a letter from her. After her signature stood "P.S. Is this not really a letter without a postscript?" And then, again, "P.S. Who has lost now; You or I?"

Turkish Politeness.—The following are some of the nicknames bestowed by the Turks upon other nations:—The Arabians they call Madmen; the Armenians, Dirt-eaters; the Bosnians, Vagabonds; the Bulgarians, the Banditti; Christians, in general, Idolaters; the Germans, Brutal Swearers; the English, Cloth-sellers; Italians and all Franks, Camelions of a thousand colours; the French, Subtle; the Georgians, Lice-eaters; the Greeks, Hares; the Dutch, Spice Dealers, and also Cheese Merchants; the Indians, Beggars; the Jews, Dogs; the Mainottes, Hot-headed Fellows; the Moldavians, Stupid Farmers, and Rams without Horns; the Persians, Red-headed Heretics; the Poles, Boasting Infidels; the Ragusans, Spies; the Russians, the Villanous Russians; the Spaniards, Idlers; the Tartars, Carrion-eaters; the Venetians, Fishermen; the Walachians, Fiddlers. Of the Bohemians and Curds they say, a Bohemian fiddles and a Curd dauces.

Anecdotes.—A French traveller lately ventured to the summit of a glacier in the Canton of Glarus, which is 8925 feet high and covered with eternal ice. Before he reached the top, a glance into the immense abyss so affected the novice in climbing mountains, that he declared to the guide he was unable to move either backwards or forwards. All

persuasion was fruitless; he burst into tears, exclaimed he should be starved to death, took out his pocket-book and wrote his last will, which he committed to the guide, with the necessary directions how and where to deliver it. Happily the latter succeeded in procuring assistance; but it was only by employing violence that they were able to force back into the world the adventurer who had achieved so whimsical and yet so distressing a dilemma.

The young Marquis L— recently won 20,000 florins in the house of a nobleman at Florence where a Faro-bank was clandestinely kept, and went away with it after midnight. Observing that he was followed by two men in disguise, he hastily took refuge in a guard-house and related his adventure, begging at the same time that a soldier might accompany him home. The Corporal immediately consented, but first went out under the pretext of looking for the pursuers, in reality to concert with the three soldiers the plunder of the stranger. They stopped his mouth, took the money from him, and then threw him into the river. While these villains were dividing their prize, three persons masked suddenly entered, declared that they knew every thing, and that if the money was not shared with them, they would instantly give information to the Police. The soldiers were obliged to comply; and a new division was making when a Patrol entered the room. The officer took the whole company to the principal guard-house, where they found young L— dripping wet: he being an expert swimmer had saved himself, and given information of the circumstance. The 20,000 florins were recovered from the robbers, who were led to prison, where they expect their punishment.

Affectation.—Nothing can be easier than for a printer to place the letters in any foreign name in their proper order; but we have often noticed the Parisian affectation, which makes it a rule to be inaccurate in this respect. In one paragraph of the Journal de Paris of the 20th, we read, Col. Wastey, for Whatley; Concannow, for Concanon; Grayder, for Gwydyr; and Weynn, for Wynne. The only name right is Lord Hill, which was too troublesome to misprint.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MR. PERRY'S LIBRARY.

The first portion of the library of the late Editor of the Morning Chronicle has been for some days (Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday) on sale by Mr. Evans, in Pall Mall. It has not been in our power to collect a full account of this sale; but as the collection is a very curious one, the following memoranda may be acceptable to many of our readers:—

The early English Poetry sold as high as at preceding sales, considering the comparative value of money. For instance, 596, The Beautie of Women, a Poem, of only six leaves, small quarto, sold at the

Roxburghe sale for 20l. at Mr. Perry's, 16l. 16s. being 2l. 16s. per leaf.

597. Nicholas Breton's Floorish upon Fancie, small quarto, was knocked down at 28l. 17s. 6d.—His Bowre of Delights, small quarto, No. 598, 20l. 15s. 6d. and his Small Handfull of Fragrant Flowers fit for any honourable Gentlewoman to smell unto, small octavo, (No. 558) only eight leaves, 10l. 12s. 6d.

393. Bankes's Bay Horse in a Trance, quarto, 1595, produced 9l. 9s.

529. Baskard's Epigrams, 1598, 10l. 10s. 533. Bodenham's Belvedere, for which Mr. Perry gave 15l. 2s. 6d. produced only 6l. 6s. part of a leaf being made up by MS.

618. Bateman, the Travailed Pilgrime, bringing Newes from all partes; a very rare Poem, was eagerly purchased by Mr. Hall for 26l. 15s. 6d.

A tolerable collection of Brathwayte's Pieces were sold, but many of them being imperfect, produced comparatively low sums.

On the whole, the books have sold higher than was anticipated, particularly as Mr. Heber (who has hitherto been the champion at the sales of old poetry) bid for very few articles, unless, as is supposed, Mr. Thorpe the bookseller, is his representative.

On Thursday, the 4th day, but few works of interest were sold, though the bill of fare presented one article, which is the most interesting of any in the collection, viz. 860, Biblia Sacra Latina. First edition of the Holy Scriptures, and the first book executed by the inventors of printing with moveable metal types. It was knocked down at 160 guineas, the bidding of Mr. Pettigrew, supposed for the Duke of Sussex. The next in point of consideration with the collectors of early printing, is No. 824, Baldwin's Funerall of King Edward the Sixth, a Poem, with the portrait of Edward 6th, 1560. 14l. 14s. A Collection of Ballads, No. 854, was sold for 9l. 9s.

Lord Byron has written a letter to Mr. Murray, claiming for himself all the responsibility of *Cain*, and proclaiming Mr. M. to be as innocent as our first father in Eden.—We have a much more extraordinary letter from another Noble Author to the same gentleman, and we purpose combining the two in our next Number.

We are informed that a translation of the last celebrated work of the Abbe de Pradt, entitled "Europe and America in 1821," will be published in a few weeks.

Mr. J. Harrison Curtis has just published a series of Cases, illustrative of the treatment he employs for the cure of Diseases of the Ear, both in local and constitutional affections, with practical remarks relative to the Deaf and Dumb.

Capt. de C. Brooke has nearly ready for the press, a Tour through Sweden, Norway, and the Coast of Norwegian Lapland, to the Northern Cape, in 1820. Part the 2d, which will follow, will comprise a residence at Hammerfest, in the lat. of 70°, and a Winter's Journey through Norwegian, Russian, and Swedish Lapland, to Tornea; with numerous portraits and plates illus-

trating the Physiognomy and Costume of the different wandering Tribes of Laplanders.

A work entitled, Observations on the Influence of Manners upon the Health of the Human Race, more particularly as it regards Females in the higher and middle classes of society, is preparing by Dr. R. Palin, of Newport, Salop.—A Critical and Analytical Dissertation on the Names of Persons, by John Henry Brady, is also in preparation.

W. Davis has in the press, "Riddles, Charades, and Conundrums, the greater part of which have never been published, with a Preface on the Antiquity of Riddles."

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."
Old Ballad.

A citizen of the United States has nearly ready for publication, Europe, or a General Survey of the present Situation of the principal Powers; with conjectures on their future Prospects.

Lord Dillon, author of several military and political works, has, during his residence at Florence, written "The Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers, an English Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century," which is now in the press.

The Rev. Samuel Burder, M.A. will publish in May a new work, entitled, Oriental Literature, applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, designed as a Sequel to Oriental Customs.

There is announced, a quarto volume, to appear in the course of the present year, "The Life and Correspondence of Samuel Horsley, LL.D., successively Bishop of St. David's, Rochester, and St. Asaph." By his son, the Rev. Heneage Horsley, A.M. Prebendary of St. Asaph.

M. S. de Sismondi, whose historical works have raised him to so high a reputation, has commenced a series of Novels, to illustrate manners, &c. in ancient times, which he could not weave into his graver work. We have looked through the first, Julia Severa, and find that M. S. must become less cold in his details of customs, if he means his fame as a novelist to equal his fame as a historian.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

FEbruary.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 28.	from 24 to 46	30.63 to 30.46
MAr. Friday 1.	from 22 to 46	30.30 to 30.19
Saturday 2.	from 35 to 56	30.26 to 30.28
Sunday 3.	from 32 to 53	30.27 to 30.21
Monday 4.	from 28 to 54	30.07 to 29.96
Tuesday 5.	from 33 to 53	29.91 to 29.85
Wednesday 6.	from 44 to 53	29.52 to 29.51
Rain fallen during the week, 2 of an inch.		

⚠ We are induced to encroach a little this week on the space allotted for Advertisements—the reasons for which will be, and we are sure satisfactorily to our readers, assigned in our next.

Errata in our last Number.

- p. 131, col. 1. for rain-deer read rein-deer.
p. 136, col. 2. for mock dagger read mask and dagger.
p. 140, col. 2. for Indian read Ionian.
—, col. 3. for concert read consort.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

PUBLIC MONUMENT.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Subscribers and Friends for erecting a Monument by Public Subscription to the Memory of his late Most Excellent Majesty King GEORGE the THIRD, under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, will take place at the Thatched House Tavern on Tuesday the 12th of March, at 2 o'clock in the forenoon, to receive the Report of the Committee and an Account of the Subscriptions and Expenditure.

By order of the Sub-Committee,

H. GORDON, Assistant Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

THIS Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening. (By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

LAPLAND.

MR. BULLOCK respectfully intimates to the Public, that the Exhibition of the LAPLANDERS, REIN DEER &c. at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, will shortly close. The interest excited by this extraordinary Exhibition has been so great, that it has already been visited by upwards of 58,000 persons.

COSMORAMA.—A CHANGE will take place on Monday next. A View of Constantinople, one of the Temples and Bar of Lisbon, and one of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, will be substituted for the Views of the Lake of Constance, the Piazza Navona, and the Palais Royal. The Views of the celebrated Convent of Mount St. Bernard, the Interior of Westminster Abbey at the moment of the Coronation (by Mr. Mackenzie,) the Exterior and Interior of St. Peter's, and the Place Vendome, will remain.

Open from Eleven in the Morning till Nine at Night.

Admittance One Shilling.

No. 29, St. James's-street.

SMIRKE'S SHAKSPEARE.

In the course of Publication.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE, from Pictures painted expressly for this work by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R.A. and Engraved in the finest style by the most Eminent Historical Engravers. The Play illustrated is published at the same time, but the Embellishments may be had separate from, or together with, the Play.

The Numbers already published are as follow:

No. I. The Tempest. II. Taming of the Shrew. III. Merry Wives of Windsor. . . IV. Twelfth Night, (in a few days.) V. Measure for Measure, (in April.) VI. Romeo and Juliet, (in June.) VII. Henry the Fourth, Part I. (in August.) VIII. Midsummer Night's Dream, (in October.) IX. Two Gentlemen of Verona, (in December.)

London: Printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-street; and Sold by the principal Booksellers of the United Kingdom.

ORIGINAL WORKS OF HOGARTH.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to this Work are respectfully apprized that the 24th and concluding Number is published this day.

London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy, Paternoster-row.

* In presenting to the Subscribers this final Number of the Original Works of Hogarth, the Proprietors cannot refrain from expressing their grateful acknowledgments for a Patronage far exceeding their expectations, and which has enabled them to render their Publication much more valuable than had been originally contemplated, or than it could have been made without such encouragement and support.

In addition to the Collection, late the property of Messrs. Boydell, consisting of one hundred and eight subjects, fac-similes have been engraved of several curious Plates, not now to be found, and, perhaps, no longer in existence; and, further to enrich the Work, the Publishers have purchased many very interesting and valuable Plates, thus adding twenty-eight subjects to what constituted the Collection of Messrs. Boydell:—the whole forming by far the most complete Collection of the productions of this great artist that has ever been offered to the public. They trust, therefore, that the manner in which they have performed their contract with the Subscribers, is such as to entitle them to the public confidence on future occasions.

In a few days complete Copies of the Work will be ready for delivery, price 30s. in Numbers; or 31l. 10s. half-bound in Russia.

THE GREEKS. The great Picture, 26 feet by 16, representing the PEOPLE of PARGA assembled round the Funeral Pile to burn their Dead, in June 1619, previous to their voluntary Exile, painted by J. & G. Fogg, is now exhibiting in the Great Room (formerly Cox's), Maddox-street, Bond-street, facing St. George's Church. Open from 10 till 5. Admittance One Shilling.

EUROPEAN SCENERY.

This day is Published, in Imperial 8vo. price 12s. or Proofs on Royal 4to. price 18s. No. IV. of **VIEWS IN GERMANY.** By CAPTAIN BATTY. Containing,—Baden, near Vienna—Vallee d'Helms—The Grabs, Vienna—Linz—Danube. Printed for Rodwell & Martin, New Bond-street. Of whom may be had the following, uniform with the above Work:—Italy, by Miss Batty, complete in 19 Nos. 6l. 6s.; or in Roan, 6l. 16s. 6d.—Switzerland, by Major Cockburn, complete in 13 Nos. 6l. 6s.; or in Roan, 6l. 16s. 6d.—Sicily, drawn by Dewint, from Sketches by Captain Light, Nos. 1 to 8.

London, March 1822.

MESSRS. M'QUEEN & CO. beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public in general, that, in compliance with the wishes of many respectable Artists and Publishers, they have added to their old established concern of COPPER-PLATE PRINTING, a separate Establishment for LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING, which they pledge themselves to execute upon the most approved principles, and according to the latest discoveries in that interesting and useful Art. Artists and Publishers may depend upon being supplied with superior materials for drawing on the Stone: also with Plain and Tinted Papers made expressly for Lithographic Printing.

72, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

Corrected up to the Meeting of Parliament, handsomely printed upon a sheet of drawing paper, and embellished with the Coronets of the several Orders of Nobility, tastefully coloured, price 5s., on canvas, in a neat Case for the Pocket, 8s.; on Canvas and Rollers, price 10s.

THE PEERAGE CHART for 1822.—This Chart contains the complete Peerages of the United Kingdom, alphabetically arranged (including the Scotch and Irish Peers who were omitted last year,) with the following particulars of each Member:—The Title, Title of the Eldest Son, Surname, dates of the first and last Creation, Precedence, Age, whether Married, Bachelor, or Widower, number of Children, Male and Female; Knights of the Garter, Thistle, &c. Lord Lieutenant, Privy Counsellors, Roman Catholics, and Peers' Eldest Sons who are Members of the present Parliament. It also shows by what means the Peerage was obtained, that is to say, whether by Naval, Military, Legal, or other Services; and states the Century to which each Peer can trace his Paternal Ancestry: thus exhibiting, at one view, most interesting information, and forming, upon the whole, a complete Peerage in Miniature.

Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria-lane; and W. Sans, St. James's-street.

Of whom may be had, just published, The **BARONETAGE CHART** for 1822, printed uniformly with the above, and containing the Baronets of the United Kingdom, with suitable ornaments, coloured.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 3 vols. price 21s. 6d.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON, or Sketches of English Manners. A New Edition, revised, with the addition of nine New Papers on the following subjects:—The Slavery of Fashion.—Worldly Friends.—Matrimonial Disappointments.—The Importance of Trifles.—A Certain Lecture.—The Patois of Fashion, and the Quondam Beauty.

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author, The **HERMIT in the COUNTRY.** 3 vols. 18s.

In 2 vols. price 12s.

THE RECLUSE. A ROMANCE. By the Viscount D'ARINCOURT.

Upwards of fifteen Dramas have been already founded on this Romance, which combines the historical character and dramatic style of the Novels of the Author of Waverley, with the poetical eloquence of the Temptation, the genuine simplicity of the Estelle, the splendid imagery of Ariosto, and the deep and fearful interest of modern Romance.—[In the Press, The Renegade.]

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

In 12mo. 6s. the 2d Edit. with Additions, **POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.** By LORD THURLOW.

W. Booth, 32, Duke-street, Manchester-square.

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